THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXVIII—No. 1152]
DECEMBER 30, 1925
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

A GOOD FINISH TO THE OLD YEAR

'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'

Spinet

LARGE OVAL CORK-TIPPED

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 for 1/6 50 for 3/9 100 for 7/6

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

LIBERTY SALE BEGINS ON MONDAY NEXT. NO CATALOGUE

LIBERTY & Co. REGENT ST. LONDON. W.1.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Many Celebrated Physicians

during the past 100 years have regularly prescribed DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

Eminent chemists have proved that powdered Magnesia is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels. No such risk arises from the use of

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

Absolutely Safe. Cures GOUT, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL.

The universal remedy for ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, SOUR ERUCTATIONS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

By Appointment to H.M. King George

CHAMPAGNE

Charles Heidsieck

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FINEST EXTRA Q? EXTRA DRY

SEE THE "DRI-PED" PURPLE DIAMOND STAMPED EVERY FEW INCHES ON EACH SOLE.

DRI-PED SOLED FOOTWEAR

Stylish yet Durable. THE SUPER LEATHER DRI-PED FOR SOLES Absolutely Waterproof.

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Does the atmosphere in your room become dry and oppressive or filled with fumes? If so you need an Electric Fire instead of the old-fashioned fire you are using.

With an Electric Radiator there is no waste heat going up the chimney. You can stand it just where you desire. It needs no flue, as no noxious fumes are generated

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Issued by THE ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION
15 SAVOY STREET · STRAND · WC2

No122

For Winter Sports

After strenuous exercise—a natural thirst. The time to keep an "Elfin" Vacuum Flask at hand. It ensures the pleasure of a pure refreshing hot drink at any time. The "Elfin" is the all-glass Flask, specially hardened for ordinary use, with a large all-glass drinking cup. No metallic taste or smell, no scorching or blistering of the fingers or lips—the "Elfin" is always pleasant to drink from. It is hygienic, does not tarnish, and liquids poured in at boiling point will show a higher temperature after 24 hours than any other Flask. The "Elfin" will make an ideal gift.

PRICE **4/6**

ELFIN VACUUM FLASK

(Made of "diamond hard" glass.)

Price 4/6 (Postage 9d. extra) for Pint size, and 9/- (Postage 1/- extra) for Quart size. Leather carrying-cases 6/- and 10/6 respectively. From all Ironmongers, Chemists and Stores, or from the address below.

Central Depôt: **THE ELFIN FLASKS**
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The "Great" boiler for the "Small" house

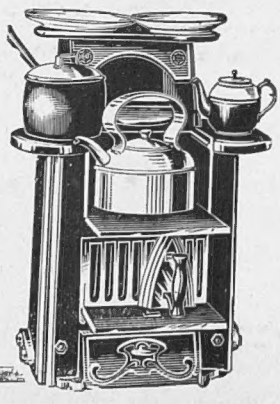
The "Domestikatum" stands alone as the only Hot Water Supply Boiler with an absolutely open grate. It provides constant hot water for baths and household use, gives a cheerful fire in the kitchen, and meets practically all cooking requirements except oven baking. It is economical in time and fuel, and has no bright parts to need continual cleaning.

Note the name!
Note the price!
Note the absolutely open fire!

and don't confuse it with other "Domestic" boilers now sold, as it possesses advantages which no other boiler can give.

Price £7 : 7 : 3

The Domestikatum Boiler



Write for full informative leaflet, telling you all about this boiler.

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"Titan Boiler Works"
STOURBRIDGE.

FURNITURE

FOR DISPOSAL BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS AND OTHERS.

The ENTIRE CONTENTS of several TOWN AND COUNTRY RESIDENCES, which include Superior MODERN, OLD ENGLISH, and GENUINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE, COSTLY OBJECTS OF ART, AND GENERAL EFFECTS.

The greater portion of this magnificent collection is being offered entirely regardless of original cost, in order to complete the settlement of various estates.

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY in present times for dealers or anyone contemplating furnishing. Any article may be purchased singly, and if not required for delivery can remain stored or DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

Several very fine massive Early Victorian Wardrobes, ANTIQUE WARDROBES, and TALL-BOY CHESTS in styles of Jacobean, Queen Anne, Adam, and Chippendale, Sheraton, etc. BEDSTEADS, including elegant carved and gilt Bedstead of Empire design, and GENUINE Hepplewhite, Elizabethan, and other four-poster Bedsteads.

COMPLETE BEDROOMS, Styles of Louis XIV and Louis XVI; enamelled and gilt, choice satinwood, silver ash, mahogany, walnut, etc.; a magnificent QUEEN ANNE DESIGN SUITE in oyster-shell figured Walnut, complete, 27gs., and numerous suites complete offered from 8gs. up to 750gs.

DINING and RECEPTION ROOMS in styles of Elizabethan Oak, including some really fine examples of Gothic Court Cupboards, rare refectory and withdrawing tables, and Charles II and Cromwellian Chairs, Sheraton sets complete, Adams and Chippendale, including a fine example of Hepplewhite design SIDEBOARD, DINING TABLE, SET OF CHAIRS, and TWO CARVING CHAIRS, being offered for 35gs. the whole lot. Several Dining-room Sets complete in all periods from 14gs. up to 1,000gs.

LUXURIOUSLY UPHOLSTERED SETTEES and LOUNGE CHAIRS, many covered art linen, choice Morocco leather, and rich Parisian silks, including 18 small size lounge easy chairs, 35s. each; 14 large ditto, with loose down cushion seats at £3 17s. 6d. each; and well-made Chesterfield settees in condition equal to new, from 3gs. to 18gs. each.

COMPLETE DRAWING-ROOMS, in French and Italian and English styles, including several genuine Aubusson sets, one being a replica of the set in Chantilly Palace.

BLACK and GOLD LACQUERED FURNITURE, of Chinese and English styles, including Screens, Cabinets, Tables, Chairs, Bureaux, and Bedroom Furniture.

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OVER 700 PERSIAN, TURKEY, WILTON, and AXMINSTER CARPETS from 3gs. to 350gs.

OLD ENGLISH BRACKET and TALL GRANDFATHER CLOCKS, in choice Chippendale and Sheraton, also Gothic oak cases, chiming on several tubes, Bronze and Marble Statuary from important collections, Oil Paintings, Water-Colours, etc.; Quantity of Silver and Plate, fitted Canteen of Cutlery and Plate, fine old cut Table Glass and electroliers, large quantity of superior Bed and Table Linen, Iron Safes, and quantity of General Household Effects.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

ON SALE DAILY, 9 till 7 (including Thursdays and Saturdays).

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'Buses 144a, 43a, 143a, 143f, 4a, 19, and 30 pass our door

STOCKTAKING SALE: COMMENCES Monday, January 4, For Twelve Days Only.

20 Model Two-piece Costumes in silk alpaca, rep and marocain, **all different designs,** of which sketch in tan silk alpaca frock with embroidered vest of crepe de chine to contrast is an example.

Original Prices **16** to **25 Gns.**

Sale Price 10½ Gns.

12 Model Tailor-made Two-piece Costumes, all different in design, of which sketch with coat in wallflower velveteen trimmed rep and fur, with dress of rep strapped velveteen, is an example.

Original Prices **35** to **40 Gns.**

Sale Price 18½ Gns.

350 Handsome Coats at exactly half price, all different in design and many trimmed furs, or which sketch in claret coloured velour, trimmed moleskin fur, is an example.

Original Price **30 Gns.**

Sale Price 15 Gns.

Knitted Coats and Skirts in fine wool and twisted yarns, in many good colours and various designs, of which sketch is an example.

Original Prices **5** to **7½ Gns.**

Sale Price 52/6

Knitted Hat 21/-

Sale Catalogue post free.

15 Model Fur Coats and Wraps in Russian Foal and Opossum, seal dyed coney and tiger cat, etc., of which sketch in moleskin and white dyed mole fox is an example.

Original prices **79** to **98 Gns.**

Sale Price 49 Gns.

Overblouse in good quality crepe de chine. Tiny tucks from shoulders, becoming collar finished narrow tie, and hemstitched pleated jabot. In fashionable colours.

Sale Price 37/9

Attractive Hat in fine quality fur felt, finished with oxydised or gold nail pins. In black and a good range of colours.

Sale Price 25/-

Smart Matron's Hat of soft folded velvet, finished with fancy ornament.

Original Price **5½ Gns.**

Sale Price 2½ Gns.

HAT in felt and velvet, for matrons' wear. finished paste ornament- Large head fitting. In black only.

Sale Price 59/6

Little Girl's Printed Cotton Frock, daintily trimmed organdi frills. In sky, primrose or green. In sizes 18 to 24 ins.

Original Prices **23/9** to **29/6**

Sale Price 15/9

Smart Patent Leather Promenade Shoe. An extremely well-fitting model, Louis heel.

Sale Price 29/6 per pair

Oak Glace Kid One Bar Shoe with brown kid insertion, Louis heel of moderate height.

Sale Price 32/6 per pair

Patent Leather Walking Shoe with strappings of black glace kid Louis heel.

Sale Price 25/9 per pair

In grey glace kid, self strappings, **29/6 per pair.**

These Articles cannot be sent on approval.

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WIGMORE STREET and WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

(DEBENHAMS LTD.)

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Week Commencing December 28.
BERT RALTON and his HAVANA BAND; "THE POINT OF VIEW," a Comedy by EDEN PHILLPOTTS; SISSLE & BLAKE; GRIFFITHS BROS.; GIANNINA DORIA; WILL HAY, etc.

DALY'S. Evgs. 8.15. Wed. & Sat., 2.15, and Twice Daily to Dec. 31.
"KATJA, The Dancer."
LILIAN DAVIES. IVY TRESMAND. GREGORY STROUD & GENE GERRARD.

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MARGARET BANNERMAN in "LULLABY,"
by Edward Knoblock

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Gerr. 606.) Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
THE CO-OPTIMISTS.
11th New Programme.
5th *Year—Going on for ever.* [Smoking Permitted.]

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GREY HAIR

IT should be the New Year's resolution of every woman to maintain her gift of youthful beauty to its fullest extent.

Nothing is more prejudicial to a youthful appearance than hair which is grey or nearly so.

Inecto not only eliminates greyness in one treatment which takes only 30 minutes, but it bestows that very lustre which characterises lovely hair in its full bloom of youth.

The results of Inecto are permanent after that one treatment which you may apply yourself in the privacy of your own home.

The leading hairdressers recommend Inecto because it has been their experience that Inecto achieves precisely what is claimed for it.

Illustrated booklet gladly sent on request.

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If you suffer from ASTHMA, CATARRH or ORDINARY COLDS.
Buy a tin to-day at your chemists.
4s. 6d. a tin.

The D.B. OVERCOAT
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Made to order from
5 gns
Patterns and self-measure forms on application.
FREDK. POOLE & CO.,
Tailors and Breeches Makers
219 Oxford St. London, W.1.
Established 80 years.

AUTHORS WANTED.
Poems, Plays, Novels, Children's Stories, etc. Known or unknown writers. Claude Stacey, Ltd., 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Est. 1919.

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate

Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.
Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 4 16in. x 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. x 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE				GARAGE			
		ft.	ft.	ft.			ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4	Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4	Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5	,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5	,,	40	x 40	x 10
,, 6	,,	12	x 56	x 8	,, 6	,,	40	x 45	x 10
,, 7	,,	12	x 64	x 8	,, 7	,,	45	x 45	x 10

Or same cubical contents.

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THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD
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WINTER SALE COMMENCES MONDAY NEXT, JANUARY 4th.

Model 8089 B.

Average Figure Corset in handsome Broché. This is a Model of very special value, fitted wide spiral steels and four hose supports. Free hip model, with very low bust, being one inch above the waist-line. Suitable for average figures. In Pink, White or Sky. Sizes 20 to 26in. Usual Price 12/11. SALE PRICE, post free **10/-**

Twilfit Regd.

BEST VALUE CORSET IN THE WORLD AT SALE PRICES

EVERY PAIR Fully Guaranteed

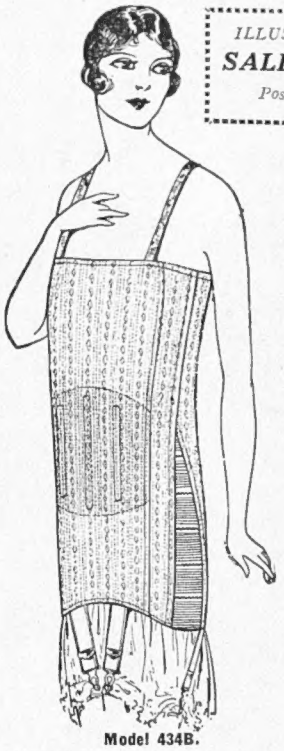
BRITISH MADE

Model 4933B.

Special Wrap Round Corset of handsome Broché, elastic on hips and round top. Fitted with specially pliable bust with hook and eye at top and below bust. Sizes, 24 to 36in. Usual Price 40/-. SALE PRICE **20/-**

When ordering these corsets, please quote 3 in. larger than for Lacing Models.

ILLUSTRATED *SALE LIST* Post Free.



Model 434B.

Corselet made from strong Pink Coutil with Artificial Silk Stripe. It is boned and reinforced in front, and the back is fitted with two spiral steels. Good quality elastic insets on hips. Bust sizes, 32 to 42in. SALE PRICE Post free. **10/-**

Model 0376B.

Brassiere of very special value, made from strong Lace of good quality, and insertion of White Mercerised Poplin. Fastened at back with hooks and eyes. Bust sizes, 32 to 44in. SALE PRICE **4/6**

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

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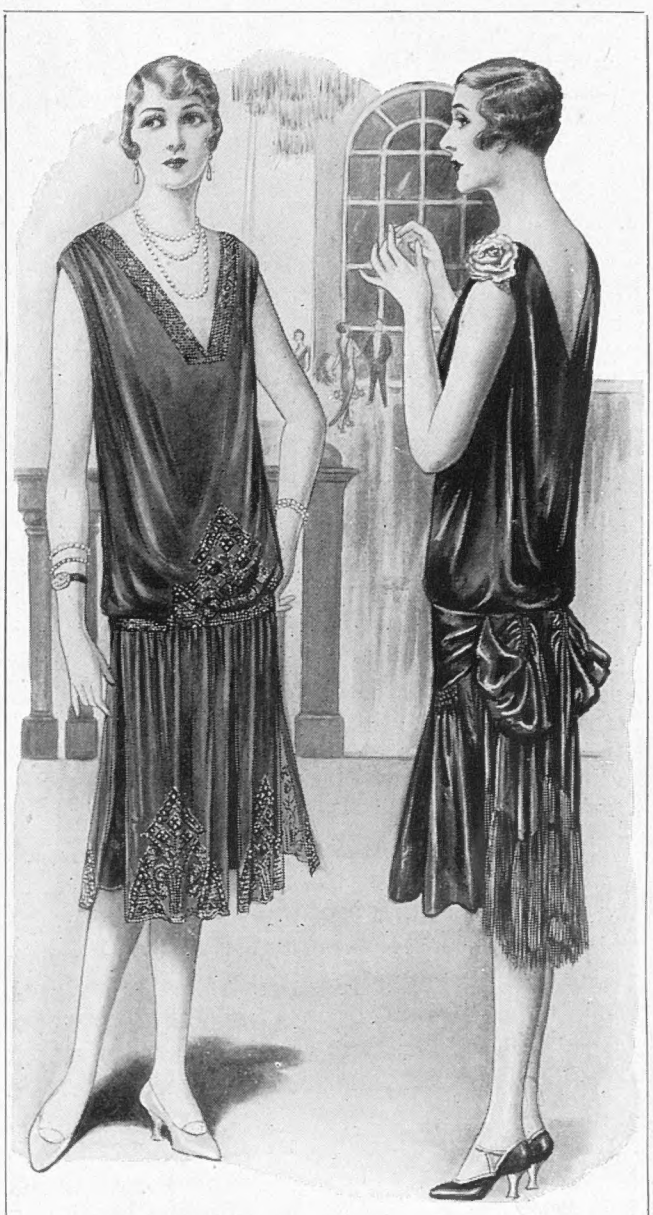


968. Evening Gown in Black Georgette, handsomely trimmed with jet. The skirt falls in loose panels. For medium or large figures **£12**

969. Evening Gown in rich black Satin, showing new apron and slight bustle effect at back. **16 Gns**

These Gowns are not sent on approval.

FOURTH FLOOR.

RESTAURANT:—
Orchestra during Luncheon and Tea hours.

LADIES' HAIRDRESSING:—
Experts always in attendance.

THEATRE TICKETS:—
Office worked in conjunction with Keith Prowse & Co., Ltd.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd. OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

Back to health quickly and surely

After illness, diet must be very nourishing and very easy to digest if recovery is to be rapid and certain. Horlick's Malted Milk gives strength without taxing digestion.

The careful and delicious way in which Horlick's blends fresh milk with malted barley and wheat extracts is the reason why doctors recommend it in cases where an energy-giving food is vitally needed. Horlick's is so light, so to speak, so gentle, so soothing, that it is retained where other foods are rejected.

Perhaps the greatest good which Horlick's does is to bring sweet, sound sleep. Horlick's never forces. Horlick's never produces a false stimulation. Gently, but very, very surely, Horlick's helps nature to help herself.

A liberal sample will be sent you post free if you forward 3d. in stamps to Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Buckinghamshire.

HORLICK'S

—THE ORIGINAL—

MALTED MILK

Horlick's is made at Slough in England. It is sold by chemists everywhere, in four handy sizes —2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-. The tablets in flasks, price 7½d. and 1/3.

Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

Restaurants and cafés of standing serve Horlick's.

The Bystander, December 30, 1925 No. 1152. Vol. LXXXVIII

The BYSTANDER

Dorothy Wilding

MISS GRIZEL MARGARET CUNNINGHAM

The only daughter of Sir George Cunningham, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Cunningham of Kingsley Green, Haslemere. Her father is well known in political circles

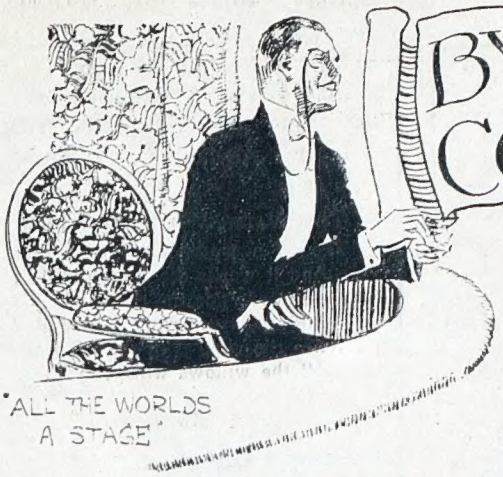
Old Friends from the "Champs-Elysées"

BY E. T. REED

NAPOLEON PREMIER: "Yes, things look bad with you, Jacques Bonhomme, I admit; but remember this—the franc *may* go down, but La France—JAMAIS!"

RICHELIEU: "Bonaparte is right, my friend. Neither Kings nor politicians can destroy Her!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Lucky A ~~Happy~~ New Year

IN this issue of the BYSTANDER I propose to vary the unvarying custom of the centuries—to lay violent hands upon tradition—and to wish you all a lucky New Year.

Changing the Phrase

IN doing this I am flying in the face of all precedent, but I propose to take the risk. Just as a man, who has had a bad run at Poker, changes the cards, so I shall change the phrase, even though the manufacturers of New Year's greeting cards are forced to scrap their entire stock, and start all over again.

A Bit of Luck

AFTER all, a bit of luck can't hurt anybody. Some people will tell you there's no such thing as luck, but I wouldn't go so far as that. I once knew a man who quarrelled with a girl about nothing and didn't marry her after all. You can scarcely get into the stage door of His Majesty's Theatre for horse-shoes, and the Co-Optimists are playing to enormous business.

The Bellows of Hope

MAKE up your mind that you are going to have a good year. Buy a black cat or a horse-shoe, or something, and dive into it with a bit of confidence. Tell yourself that Friday is a lucky day and that a year which starts on a Friday is certain to be your lucky year. Blow upon the fires of Superstition with the bellows of Hope. There's a lot to be said for this Coué business, believe me.

A Bit of Starch

AND then get busy. Lots of people aren't lucky because they don't deserve to be. They just sit about with their mouths open—like young rooks waiting to be fed—and wait for the Luck to be dropped in. Eat farinaceous foods and get a bit of starch into your system. Don't be like the Duke of Northumberland who says that the death duties will break up his estates. Sheer pessimism! Hitch your wagon to the Star of Hope and start on the trek for Fortune.

Lonely Londoners

EVERY now and again we hear of the Lonely Londoner who hasn't got anyone to talk to. He has just cropped up again, and has drawn attention to himself by inserting this advertisement in my daily paper:

"Many Happy Returns of to-day to Myself—in the absence of other well-wishers.—Lonely Londoner."

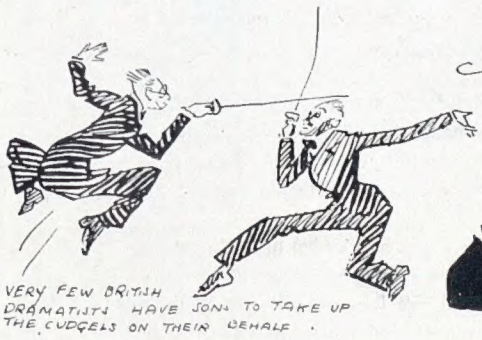
Just Round the Corner

MYSELF, I am not shedding any tears over this particular Lonely Londoner, and if the office-boy will fetch my ukulele, I will tell him why:

The way may be long and the world may be wide;
You haven't a comrade in whom to confide.
You live all alone, you are quite on the shelf,
You sit in the Park with your arm round yourself—
But, just round the corner, you'll find this is true,
There's a nice little girl, quite as lonely as you.
She's waiting for someone to swear he'll be true.
Why couldn't,
Why shouldn't
That Someone be you?

A Risk I Accept

THE news that a boy was said to have thrown a snowball at a policeman did not make my blood run cold. That is a risk that I accept with equanimity on any snow-bound morning and I refuse to agree that the back of a policeman's neck is necessarily more sacrosanct than my own. If I saw Mr. Justice Avory crossing the Strand and if I threw a snowball at him—should I be, forthwith, cast into prison? I trow not! And is a policeman of more importance than Mr. Justice Avory? Heaven forbid!



Made and Printed in Great Britain

"HOLDING THE BABY!"

By Blam

Contempt of the Copper

The answer, I suppose, lies in the fact that the constable was "in the execution of his duty," when he got it in the neck. If my snowball hit the learned Judge while he was sitting on the Bench, I should probably be charged with contempt of Court, just as the boy was charged with contempt of the copper. On second thoughts I shall *not* throw that snowball at Mr. Justice Avory.

A Curious Fact

When young François Richepin hit Pierre Brisson on the nose, because the latter, a critic, had said rude things about his father's play, the cat was among the critical canaries with a vengeance. Will the precedent be followed in this country? It's a curious fact that very few British dramatists have sons to take up the cudgels on their behalf—but there must, here and there, be a husky young fellow who "isn't going to have the pater's work tinkered about with by those critic johnnies." Perhaps the assistant scoutmaster who was supposed to have man-handled the policeman will do a good turn for some of our defenceless authors.

Wigan Win

Wigan have passed into the third round of the F.A. Cup. We'll teach them to laugh at Wigan! Let those red-nosed comedians who think it funny to poke cheap japes at the Borough take heed lest they fall into our clutches. Wigan Pier, indeed! I once wrote a song about Wigan, but, so far, I haven't been able to get anyone to take it seriously. Somehow, no one will take Wigan seriously. Anyhow, here's the song. It is called:

The Water Wheel at Wigan.

There's a water-wheel at Wigan,
And it works the Wigan mill;
It stands beside the river
And the river runs down-hill
When the wind is in the willows
All the willows whisper yet:
"Ah! Beware of Wigan water
It is nearly always wet!"

Dangerous Driving

My still small voice has been constantly raised against the reckless driving of motor omnibuses in these days when rival companies have come into competition and have turned the public highway into a racing track. The old chariot races weren't in it with these modern omnibus handicaps, and Jehu would be arrested for loitering if he took a dash down Piccadilly as we know it to-day. Accordingly, I return thanks in my best style to Mr. J. C. Barfield, the Hampstead magistrate, who wishes it to be known that the licences of dangerous drivers will, in future, be suspended. Why not suspend the driver—by the neck?

The London Policeman

At the same time, having newly returned from Paris, I do take off my hat to the London policeman for the way he tackles the growing traffic problem. We were talking about luck a little earlier on, and, let me tell you, you'll have to have a pocketful of luck if you want to come back alive from the French capital. They have just started a new Society for the Defence of the Pedestrian, but, I fancy, most of the money will be spent on funerals for the victims, and that it won't go very far!

Damping our Spirits

It isn't safe to discuss our English climate two days ahead, but I may express the hope that the Clerk of the Weather is arranging a more favourable meteorological programme for 1926 than we enjoyed in 1925. Before I return my ukulele to its sheath I must make this poetic appeal to him:—

When Noah went cruising in the Ark,
The days were cold and damp and dark:
Almost as dark and damp and cold
As nineteen twenty-five, I'm told.

When Noah sat perched on Ararat,
I've heard he said to Japhet that
The summer was the wettest he
Or any other man would see.

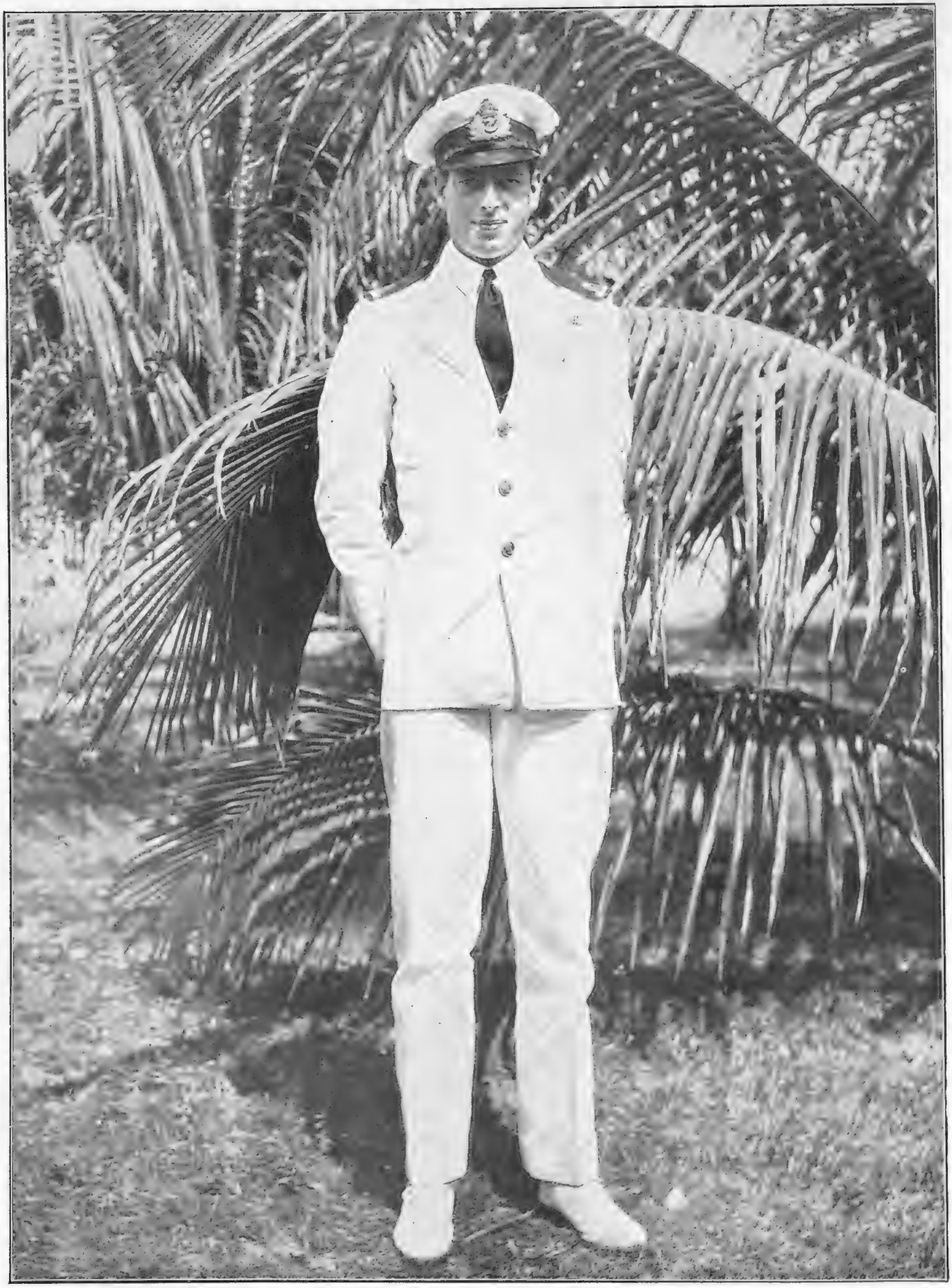
Shem, Ham nor Japhet never knew
The funny things that you could do,
So may we hope you'll stop your tricks
Now it is nineteen twenty-six?

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES ON THE MARCH OF EVENTS

East of Suez



L. N. A.

PRINCE GEORGE

Who is serving as a Sub-Lieutenant in H.M.S. "Hawkins" on the China station. He recently celebrated his twenty-third birthday

Central News

A SOLDIER'S WEDDING—

Brig.-Gen. Sir Hill Child and Lady Child leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Miss Barbara Villiers, daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Villiers and the Hon. Mrs. Villiers

Aitken

—AND A SAILOR'S

Lieut. R. M. Trevelyan Taylor, R.N., with his bride, formerly Miss Rose Pilkington, after their wedding at St. Andrew's, Ashley Place. The bride was given away by her cousin, Earl Jellicoe

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER — IN SOCIETY

A Sad Christmas

This year, the first time for many years, there was no big Christmas tree in the ballroom at Sandringham surrounded by the little tables on which Queen Alexandra used personally to arrange her presents for the members of her family and her household.

Nobody was ever forgotten at Christmas on the Sandringham estate, and this year the King allowed Queen Alexandra's death to make no difference, except, of course, in the usual merrymakings and entertainments.

We really owe the widespread observance of the Christmas tree to the Prince Consort. He introduced it, the Christmas after his marriage, in its elaborate and highly decorated form into the Royal Family, from whom the custom was generally copied. Coming from Northern Europe, Queen Alexandra also had the cult of the Christmas tree in her blood, and from the earliest years of her marriage, too, its adornment and arrangement were her own special care.

Sandringham

The King and Queen, it is anticipated, will move to Sandringham from York Cottage early in the New Year. And it is anticipated, also, that their Majesties will spend more time there during the year than they have passed hitherto in their old home. Very often the restricted accommodation at York Cottage made visits to London by the King essential, even perhaps for brief public business, whereas at Sandringham there is always room for Ministers and officials.

Queen Alexandra had a prodigious number of framed photographs of her children, grandchildren, her relations and friends. The tables in her sitting-room, both at Marlborough House and at Sandringham, were crowded with them. All these are to be preserved in a room set specially apart for them at Sandringham.

This massing of photographs on tables, which used to be general in all Mayfair boudoirs and drawing-rooms, was a fashion set by the Queen Mother. Nowadays it is not so popular, but Queen Alexandra remained faithful to her hobby to the end, and always went on adding to her collection. Her photographs must form an historical photographic record of European Royalties during two generations.

AT A DRAG HUNT *Central News*

The Prince of Wales, photographed while out with the Tring Farmers' Drag Hounds, near Tring. Prince Henry, who can be seen in the background, and the Duke of York, were also in the field

Princess Mary

Princess Mary, I believe, performed the ceremony of launching a ship for the first time when she dashed

Sport and General

THE HON. DAPHNE VIVIAN (left), THE EARL OF ROSSE, MISS IRBY AND MR. DRURY LOWE

the bottle of champagne on the bows of the *Rodney* at Birkenhead. Perhaps that was why the bottle didn't break until the Princess had flung it forward for the third time.

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles stayed with Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley for the launching ceremony, after which the Princess received purses in aid of the local hospitals.

So far Princess Mary has done little public speaking beyond formal expressions when opening bazaars and what not. Consequently her little speech at the meeting of the League of Mercy at St. James's Palace, presided over by the Prince of Wales, came as a surprise. It was terse, very much to the point, and delivered in that tone of conviction which only comes from sincerity. The Prince seemed greatly interested in his sister's speech, and applauded vigorously at its close.

British Illus.

MISS BONIFACE AND LADY DAVIES

A DERBY DOUBLE

A few personalities on the course at the recent December Meeting at Derby

British Illus.

MISS POWNER AND MAJOR-GENERAL A. KENNEDY

THE 'CHASES AT LINGFIELD

The camera's 'snap" selection from Lingfield Park where the cold weather did little to affect the attendance

The Bowler Hat

RECENTLY, on my walks abroad in what lady novelists of long ago used to call "the haunts of fashion," I have observed that for every Homburg hat on the heads of mankind there are at least half a dozen black bowlers. Are our young elegants, therefore, forsaking the soft felt with its slouching brim? Personally, I have always thought that type of headgear more suitable for the country than for London, but I've never had the courage to say so.

Alfieri

LADY BROUGHTON AND LADY NOREEN BASS

This return to the bowler is interesting, and so is the general use amongst young men of the shiny tall hat in the evening instead of the crush hat. How do these things come about? A soft felt hat is certainly more comfortable than a bowler—and comfort has now become the deciding factor in men's fashions. And a crush hat is a much more sensible proposition in a theatre or a cloak-room than a tall hat, which can easily emerge at the end of an evening with almost every inch of it rubbed the wrong way.

A travelled person who has been in Persia told me that that land of a new Shah and of attar of roses was the birthplace of the bowler. Everybody in Persia, he said, wears a bowler, and had done so for hundreds of years, but without a brim. Whoever introduced this hat from Persia into England added the brim.

And I remember, too, speaking about crush hats, that an old gentleman once told me they came into existence because of the former custom of men taking their hats into drawing-rooms at evening parties. Naturally, they were much in the way, especially in a squash, and so somebody had a brain-wave and invented the crush hat. These used to be taken into drawing-

A BALL-ROOM MEET OF THE BLANKNEY *Sport and General*

Lord and Lady Weigall with their guests photographed before leaving the Blankney Hunt Ball which was held recently in the Assembly Rooms at Lincoln. Lady Weigall is seen second from the left, Lord Weigall being seated in the right foreground

MADAME JOSE MENA *E. O. Hoppé*

The famous 'cellist, who before her recent marriage to Dr. José Mena was known to all music lovers as Madame Suggia. Her husband is head of the Pasteur Institute in Portugal

rooms, and even into ballrooms, and were just as much an adjunct of a man's evening dress as his tie.

Too Powerful

I WAS looking through some old letters the other day, and speaking about Persia reminds me that amongst them was one giving a description of a visit paid to the third Duke of Sutherland—grandfather of the present peer—at Trentham by that Shah of Persia who dazzled Europe with his diamonds in the late 'seventies and covered the brocades and papers on the walls at Buckingham Palace with large grease spots. When he had gnawed the meat off a bone his Persian Majesty threw the bone anywhere, preferably against the wall.

The old letter tells me that after dinner on the second evening of his visit to Trentham, where he had been entertained in the most princely fashion, the Shah asked the Prince of Wales (King Edward), who was also staying there:

"Will you take a private message from me to your illustrious mother?"

The Prince said he would.

"Tell her Majesty," said the Shah, "that I urge her most earnestly to have the Duke of Sutherland's head chopped off, and *at once*. He is far too rich and powerful for a subject."

East was much further East in those days than it is now. The ex-Shah of Persia of to-day loves the West so much that his devotion to the fashionable life of Paris and the Riviera has cost him his throne.

A DECEMBER WEDDING *Wakefields*

A photograph taken of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Mortimore after their wedding, which took place recently at St. Saviour's, Ealing. Before her marriage the bride was Miss Phyllis M. Hesilrige, the eldest daughter of Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, the Editor of "Debrett's Peerage"

"Anything to Kill Time"

AT a large family gathering in honour of the birthday of a venerable grandparent there were representatives of the old and new generations—comfortable matrons with equally adipose husbands; maidens in knee-high and shoulder-blade-low garments with heads the counterpart of those of their brothers and male cousins. One of the party was an uncle, who was in both the sere and the yellow leaf.

He was one of those uncles who are for ever telling their nephews and nieces that the world was a much pleasanter place when they were young than it is to-day, and that young folk in these times, etc., etc.—you know what this type of person invariably says about the modern young people.

On this occasion he took dancing for his theme. There was nothing nowadays to compare with the graceful waltzes, the stately quadrilles, and jolly lancers of his youth, oh, dear

Hay Wrightson

A SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT

A charming photograph of Miss Daphne Baring whose engagement to Mr. Arthur J. Pollen was recently announced. Her father is the Hon. Cecil Baring who is the eldest brother and heir presumptive of Lord Revelstoke

Keystone

ON WITH THE DANCE

A photograph which shows that skates, except for the novice, are no deterrent at all to dancing. The lady in this photograph is dancing to the strains of a jazz band at St. Moritz

L.N.A.

WELL ON THE EDGE

The Baroness Elpons putting in some swift work on the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz

me, no! And then, look at the craze for dancing. People were at it all day long. In fact, the young people of to-day had so few resources in themselves that they even had to dance between tea and dinner, and in between the courses at dinner and supper. In his day people never dreamt of dancing until after dinner. Dancing in the afternoon was unheard of. But nowadays anything served to kill time.

"But what did you do with yourselves, uncle, between tea and dinner in the winter when you were young?" asked a very much shingled niece. "You must have done something."

"Of course we did," retorted the critic of youth. "We used to skate at Prince's or play bridge at the club."

"I see," she answered. Then, winding up the gramophone, added, "So even in your day 'anything served to kill time'!"

Which was a "nasty one" for the uncle. But he didn't seem to see it.

An Unusual Will

SIR RICHARD REES, following the example of Lady Cynthia Mosley, has offered his services to the Labour Party, and has been adopted as their candidate at Gillingham. Sir Richard is the second baronet, and although he is only twenty-five, has done some soldiering and has been an Attaché in the Diplomatic Service.

His father, the late Sir John David Rees, only held the baronetcy for three years. He left an unusual will. He himself had become a member of the Roman Catholic Church a little while before his marriage to a sister of the late Lord Dormer—the Dormers are amongst the staunchest and oldest of our Roman Catholic families. But Sir John's will directed that if his heir, or any other person who benefited under it, were Roman Catholics they should have nothing. His son, who has now joined the ranks of Labour, was obliged to make a solemn attestation that he did not profess the Roman Catholic form of belief before he could succeed to the provision made for him. Perhaps you'll remember the stir made by Sir John David Rees's will. It raised all sorts of interesting points.

G.P.U.

A LITTLE ADVICE

Mlle de Alvarez, the well-known lawn tennis player, consults M. Manz about her skates on the Carlton rink at St. Moritz

L.N.A.

MUTUAL SUPPORT

The Misses Harriet and Alma Walker work on the principle that two pairs of skates are better than one on the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz

Central News

"AND THEIR MOTHERS CAME TOO"

Two youthful members of the winter sports community at St. Moritz take a day off from the sterner joys of the snow to acquaint their mothers with the attractions of lugeing

G.P.U.

OVER TIMBER

Members of the Oxford University Ski-ing Team at Klosters, performing the not-too-easy feat of climbing a fence with their skis on

G.P.U.

WITH BESOM IN HAND

Major Dixon, the President of the Davos Curling Club, takes his shot with the "stane." At Davos, like all the other centres of winter sports, the season has started early

The late Duke of Argyll, husband of Princess Louise, made precisely the same stipulation in his will touching the succession to the property belonging to the dukedom.

Lincolnshire Stuff Ball

EVERY New Year's Day —except for the War years — the Lincolnshire Stuff Ball has taken place. It was first given in 1785 at Alford, its object being to help a country manufacture of dress material. Some years later the ball was given at Lincoln, where it has been held ever since.

The lady patroness of the ball has the decision of the colours to be worn by the ladies. This year Mrs. Jarvis, of Doddington Hall, is the patroness, and she has decided on blue and silver. I don't know whether they still manufacture ladies' dress material in Lincolnshire, but the Stuff Ball is one of the big events of the Lincolnshire year.

Keystone

FALLING FOR IT!

Mr. Phil Taylor and his partner Miss Freda Whitaker photographed as they perform a spectacular stunt on the Skating Rink at St. Moritz. They seem bent on doing it well!

An Unfailing Stand-by

AS, punctually with the close of the year, that amazingly complete reference work, *Debrett's Peerage*, appears on my table, I am filled with a wholesome respect for the compilers. When I tell you that the volume for 1926, published at 75*s.* net, contains over 3,300 pages, you will realise the thousands of names which figure in them. The preface is astonishingly up-to-date. The death of Queen Alexandra and the honours granted to Sir Austen Chamberlain are fully dealt with. Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, the editor, and the publishers, Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., are to be congratulated.

A Christmas "Draw" from the Coverts

A MEET IN HERTFORDSHIRE *Central Press*

Mrs. Newsome-Davis and Mr. Kenneth Newsome-Davis discuss the possibilities of the day's sport. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Hertfordshire at Rothampstead

LADY BULLOUGH *Topical*

At the opening meet of the Ledbury at Down House, photographed just before hounds moved off

ON THE WAY TO THE MEET *Photo Illus.*

Colonel and Miss Palmer photographed as they arrive at the meet of the Garth hounds. This took place recently at Ascot

"The Riviera week by week."

THE Houses of Parliament and the schools having released their ladies and gentlemen for the Christmas holidays, there is a large increase in the winter colony on the Riviera, where genial weather and all kinds of sport and entertainments await visitors. Dances and gala dinners at all the smart places—and at places which may be less smart, perhaps, but more comfortable—make the nights gay, and even strenuous. Never has there been so great a variety of amusements along this "Coast of Folly," as Coningsby Dawson so happily named it, and hotels, restaurants, and casinos are competing eagerly for the patronage of the so-called Idle Rich, who seem to be the very reverse of idle when they come to winter in the South. In addition to the many trains *de luxe* and ordinary expresses from Paris and Calais, we have just seen the inauguration of a fine Pullman train from Milan to the Riviera, *via* Genoa and Vintimille, which will tempt still more travellers from other parts of the Continent.

SIR WILLIAM and Lady Joynson-Hicks will probably spend the holidays at the Bristol at Beaulieu. Mr. Brand Whitlock, former American Ambassador to Brussels, and Mrs. Whitlock are already here, and staying at the Hôtel des Anglais. Other visitors to Cannes include Sir Charles and Lady Mandleberg, Sir Frank and Lady Banister Fletcher, Lieut.-Colonel Head, the Hon. Mrs. Blyth, Major E. A. Belcher, and Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Asprey, who are all at the Beau-Site. Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Joel arrived last week to join their yacht, the *Eileen*, and were very lucky to have come overland, for the yacht had a terribly rough passage across the Bay. Lady Peel is in residence at the Domaine de la Vignasse, near Mandelieu, and not far from the estates of Lord Wolverton and Lady Yule. It was generally thought that our harbour was quite full, but room has somehow been found for several submarines and destroyers attached to the French Mediterranean Fleet, which was paying one of its frequent visits to Golfe Juan. The sailors lent added colour to the streets, as did those of the U.S.S. *Pittsburgh*, which is spending some weeks in Villefranche harbour. The English colony are again asking why we may not see occasionally some units of our own Mediterranean Fleet on the Riviera during the winter season. It would be an immensely popular event.

AT THE NET

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and M. J. Brugnon who played together in the Mixed Doubles in the first Riviera Lawn Tennis Tournament at La Festa

Photographs. *E. Navello*

OUT OF COURT

Mrs. Marion Crawford with Mr. G. M. Simond, the well-known referee, snapped while the latter was "off duty."

BEFORE PLAY

Mrs. Satterthwaite and the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher take the photographer's service before their game in the La Festa tournament.

THE CULT OF THE EYE-SHADE *Alfieri*

Mrs O'Neill, Mrs. Bramley-Moore, Mrs. Macready and Mrs. Haycraft who entered for the Tournament at La Festa. The eye-shade, popularised by Miss Helen Wills, is much in evidence on the Riviera this year

THE professional tennis tournament for the Bristol Cup and the championship of France was the attraction for the Christmas week at the Carlton courts, and there have been some exciting practice matches between the local stars, which have served to increase the already keen interest in this annual event. The Cannes Tennis Club is, as always, a most popular centre for the English colony, and looks like having a record season. The New Courts Club has not yet "caught on," but it is early in the winter, and success can only be a matter of time, for no

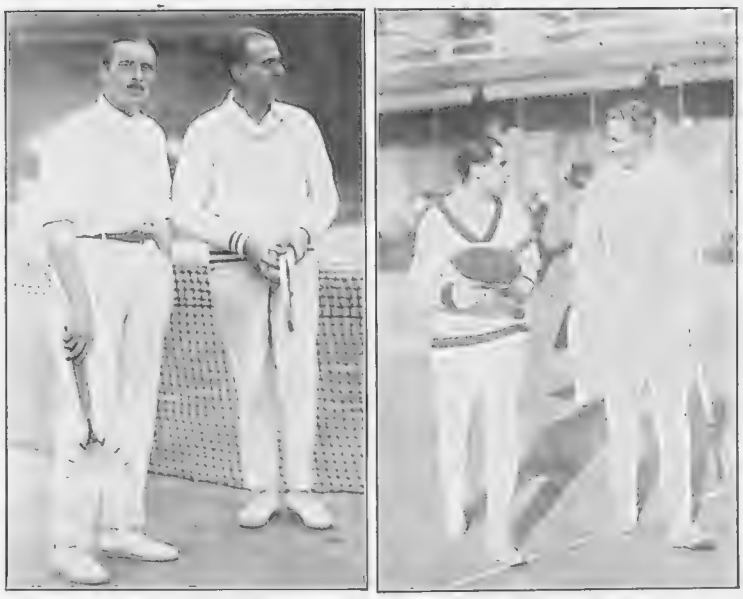
finer set of courts exists on the whole of the Riviera, while the dainty little clubhouse, built in the old Provençal style and furnished with an interesting collection of Provençal antiques, is a gem of its kind.

MONTE CARLO is full of well-known tennis players at the moment, who have come from all parts for the first tournament at La Festa. Among them are Lord Cholmondeley, the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, J. M. Hillyard, B. Marion Crawford, A. D. Vickers, S. Glen Walker, W. M. Sherring, P. Dunkerley, and Charles Aeschlimann, and Mrs. O'Neill, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Miss E. Petchell, and Mrs. Macready.

SIR JAMES KNOTT, the Newcastle shipowner, is getting his yacht *Princess*, which has been in Monte Carlo for some time past, ready for a Mediterranean cruise. Sir Walter and Lady de Frece, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker, and Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Macomber are among the many guests at the Hôtel de Paris. Sir Robert Fulton, Chief Justice of Bengal, and Lady Fulton are at the Grand, where Captain J. H. Finlayson, R.N., shortly to take over command of H.M.S. *Calypso* on the Mediterranean station, is also staying. Major Bertram Brooke, heir to the Rajah of Sarawak, is at the Monte Carlo Palace; Colonel Sir George Piggott at the Metropole, Major James Towers-Clark, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, at the Alexandra, and others who have arrived at various hotels include the Dowager Lady Decies, Lady Ashman (of Bristol), Brig.-General and Mrs. Weir, General Sir George and Lady Bourke, General Sir William and Lady Lambton, and Mr. Frank Hartigan.

AT St. Raphael, where most of the villas are now taken for the season, tennis is the main item in the day's round; while at Valescure the list of golf fixtures for the coming months has just been issued. It commences with a sweepstake competition on Boxing Day, followed by the Dewar Cup on January 19, the Town Bowl on January 26, and many other events, among them the contests for the BYSTANDER Cup and Medals on March 13.

ADMIRAL and Mrs. Napier—the latter a sister of Lady Allenby—have arrived at Hyères for the season. Sir David and Lady Dalrymple, of Musselburgh, have rented the Villa Julie, Sir Mark Collett is at the Villa Le Bocage, and other arrivals are Lady Witt, whose husband, Sir Robert Witt, is a City solicitor, but is better known as a trustee of the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery, and an authority on all matters relating to art, Mr. Norval Richardson, the novelist, and Captain and Mrs. Crawford. Costebelle Golf Club, where the accidental burning of the club motor 'bus, fortunately without personal injuries being recorded, provided a sensation recently, has a great many new members, among them Admiral E. Wemyss, Brig.-General A. G. Duff, Brig.-General H. D. Tuson, and the Hon. Noel Farrer.



Photographs *E. Navello*

A LAWN-TENNIS DOUBLES FROM CANNES

Prince Radziwill (right) photographed with his partner before starting a set on the hard courts

M. de Stefani, the young Italian player, and Lord Cholmondeley crossing the courts at Cannes

Topical

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

Madame de Iszkowski and Miss Isabel Clarke taking things lightly before getting busy on the hard courts at Cannes

LITTLE colonies of artists and literary folk are springing up in all sorts of quiet corners along the Riviera, for, in spite of the rapid development of the region, there are quiet spots still to be found by those who search. There is quite a miniature Chelsea, for instance, in the picturesque old village of Cagnes, and another in the neighbourhood of Vence, and Mr. Gilbert Frankau, Captain and Mrs. H. M. Harwood, and Sir Robert and Lady Keeble have settled in the delightful woods of Beauvallon, one of the least-known and prettiest parts of the coast between Hyères and St. Raphael. The whole region is full of inspiration for writers and painters, yet is near enough to London to be practicable for those who are obliged, for business or domestic reasons, to keep in close touch with home.

SIR CLAUDE and Lady Ricketts are at the Hôtel du Parc at Menton, coming from Geneva. His Honour Judge Shortt is at the Mont-Fleuri, Sir Rowland and Lady Bailey at the Hotel des Anglais, and Lieut.-Colonel J. W. C. Kirk, who commanded the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, at the Imperial. The Menton Tennis and Croquet Club is flourishing, and club tournaments are very popular. Members were quite upset the other day by the report, which appeared in a local daily newspaper, that a German was playing there, and a hasty and emphatic denial was issued, for the club is affiliated with the French Lawn Tennis Federation, and ex-enemy subjects are still forbidden to take part in any tournaments. The Italian Riviera is filled with German visitors, but on the French side of the border they are very rare indeed, and very unobtrusive.

THE REV. J. ARNOTT is again organising his weekly rambles into the mountains round Menton, and some delightful excursions have been made to beautiful, remote villages and viewpoints. The Rev. E. Miller, the popular chaplain of the Scots Church at Cannes, is another enthusiastic walker who also conducts parties of friends into the less well known parts of the neighbourhood, and visitors are astonished at the wild and primitive scenes which are to be found by those who know, within a reasonable distance of the larger towns of the Riviera. Those who have seen only the seashore and the fashionable resorts have much to learn, and walking should not be allowed to die out altogether in these days of motor transport. Besides, what would become of the boot and shoe industry? DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

Rambles on the Riviera

These words form the title of an interesting and very well-produced little book which has been published by the P.L.M. Railway Company. The greater part of the book has been written, inimitably as ever, by that acknowledged authority on the Riviera, Sir Martin Conway. He ranges over a number of subjects, varying from "Imperial Rome's Imprints" to the "Philosophy of Lifts." For the benefit of the traveller, the latter part of the book is given up to general information on how to travel to this delectable region, and what to do when you get there.

"Four of a Kind" from the Hunting Packs

THE MISSES DIANA, AUDREY, AND PATRICIA HARRISON
At a recent meet of the Hertfordshire Hounds

ANOTHER FOLLOWER OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE,
MISS GRIZELDA DEWAR

Photographs

MISS L. STRUTT
Daughter of Lady Dalmeny, out with the Whaddon Chase

Poole, Waterford

MISS LAVINIA STEPHENS
Photographed at a recent meet of the South Herefordshire

"You can't start too young" is an adage which holds especially good in the hunting field. Above are seen some youthful followers to hounds who have taken the precept to heart, and are rapidly developing into what are usually described in the papers as "Dianas of the Chase"

STILL DANCING

AT THE PAVILION

Produced November 19, 1925.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

A CHARACTER in one of Molière's plays sets it down as an axiom that the destinies of nations depend on the science of dancing, and Mr. Cochran has clearly made it his business to see that we are all right in that respect. To judge by the present exhibition of dancing at the London Pavilion, our destiny should be a brilliant one. The second version of this popular revue is as varied and magnificent as the first edition, and almost every kind of dance seems to be presented here. I do not suppose anyone knows the step that Miriam of old trod to the tinkle of her timbrel, when she danced to celebrate the blotting out of Pharaoh and his hosts, but it is probably included in this show under another and more modern name.

Foulsham and Banfield

THE DISCOVERY

George (Nigel Bruce) discovers that Clare (Alice Delysia) is entertaining Dennis (Lance Lister) without his knowledge. The justification for George's ire is explained by the curtain-line!

As before, the dancing is interrupted here and there by laughable dramatic scenes, but the Dance is the predominating partner of the show. Now and again there is, as you might say, a regular torrent of the Terpsichorean. Dancers in every style seem to be poured on the stage one after another like so many decorative tops emptied from a playbox, and then the toys are picked up again to join in a wild medley of hilarity, which is a "Rag" at its most riotous. The goddess of Mirth is usually portrayed as a plain young person with a horse-collar grin; but if Mr. Cochran had had a hand in the creation of mythology, she would probably have been a composite crowd of laughing, kicking, whooping girls, the embodiment of beauty and jollity personified. This scene is the very champagne of diversion, and it seems to go to the heads of even staid old gentlemen who, to the horror of their ladies, join in the cheers that have been so fairly won. The mass formation here of grace, agility and infectious gaiety is a masterly effort of stage production.

Some of the features of the first edition of this entertainment have been retained, notably the scenes depicting the dances of Then and Now. We have first of all a very striking turn by Mr. Richard Dolman and Miss Greta Fayne in the airy dress of the Southern Seas, who give us the very modern form of the Dance, consisting largely of the playful feat, by an athletic young man, of throwing his partner about the stage without letting go of her entirely. At the conclusion of their dance a sort of Stiggins approaches the couple and lectures them on the impropriety of their exhibition, while at the same time heaving a quiet sigh over the fact that there were no dances of the kind in the Victorian era. But, in those days, when a lady raised her skirts ever so slightly to cross the road on a muddy day, the policeman mechanically felt for his truncheon in preparation for a riot, whereas, nowadays, even Peeping Tom would be hard put to it to prove that his particular talent was in any way exceptional. Morals have been said to be an affair of geography, but they would seem to be of Time rather than Place.

Miss Alice Delysia, by way of completing the contrast, repeats her amazingly successful imitation of the great Vanoni, and the old-fashioned leg-wagging that passed for dancing in the old Gaiety days is still held up to proper ridicule. Now, of course, it is the dance that matters, and not the girl; but in those times it was the girl that mattered, first, last, and all the time. Another item that has been retained from the first edition is the *Cancan* dancing of the old Moulin Rouge, which still causes roars of laughter from the irresponsible, and nervous titters from the apprehensive who have heard, or read, that the French are so thorough-going in these matters. As a matter of fact this liberal

RIGHTEOUS HORROR! *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Gloom (Douglas Byng) expresses his horror of the "South Sea Blues," as demonstrated by Greta Fayne and Richard Dolman, in no uncertain way

display of flowing *lingerie* was far less improper than the very tight costumes worn by the English soubrette, or "principal boy" of the period. After all, the *lingerie* did leave something to the imagination, and if that happened to be over-active here or there it usually sheltered itself by blaming the girl.

AMONG the side-shows of this entertainment is an amusing representation of an average audience at a championship fight. When all the professional "toughs" among the audience spectators have been seated, there arrives on the scene a delicately nurtured lady who has clearly been dragged against her will to the exhibition by her sportful son, a typical public school boy. The lady is sure she will faint as soon as the fight begins, and in any case she is resolved to shut her eyes so that she may see nothing of the untidy business. But somewhere about the third round she springs from her place with the enthusiasm of a proper devotee of the Ring, shrieking to the champion of her fancy to bash the other chap more vigorously, while with agitated fists she supplies a living picture of the kind of swatting needful in her view to knock the offensive fellow out.

ANOTHER subordinate scene gives Miss Hermione Baddeley an opportunity to present to us one of the half-comic, half-pathetic types of the lower class that she impersonates. She appears on the scene as a household drudge, dividing her attention for the moment between hearthstoning the front door-step and solving a cross-word puzzle. Her employer, a young doctor starting in practice, comes to the door just as the postman arrives with a letter informing the drudge that she has just won the first prize of five thousand pounds in

a ballot of some kind. The young doctor is a Scotsman, so that from this point onwards the story practically tells itself. An unexpected variation, however, occurs when the doctor is greeted in his doorway by an old flame, who, scorning his advances, ridicules the suggestion that she could ever become the wife of a "G.P.," short for general practitioner. The doctor accordingly turns with a free heart to the drudge and her five thousand. She, however, rejects him with what she imagines to be a close imitation of the refined sarcasm of the nice lady. As a matter of fact she mixes her metaphors with a startling frankness that representatives of a polite newspaper may enjoy but may not repeat.

MISS ALICE DELYSIA is the star songstress of the production, attired for the most part in tight-fitting costumes that can hardly contain an unnecessary stitch. Her song "You Forget to Remember" is one of the few sentimental touches of the show, and is sure to be popular among spinster ladies who welcome a chance to sigh over again for the love that is lost to them. And there are so many who are, or who fondly imagine themselves to have been, the victims of man's inconstancy. Then there is a pretty farce supposed to have been written by a famous costumier with his eye on the shop-window, with a pointed reference to a well-known exponent of sartorial erudition and native wit, not unknown to these pages. The very stiff and correct costumes of the players remind us of a popular Victorian actor who was famous, among other things, for the undeviating crease of his trousers which faithfully interpreted Euclid's definition of a right line. Here Miss Alice Delysia and Mr. Nigel Bruce keep the laughter, like Iser, rolling rapidly; while Mr. Ernest Thesiger is a stalwart jester in this and many of the other outbreaks of merriment throughout the evening. The beautiful scenes, "A Hungarian Wedding" and "Pompeii à la Massine" round off a superb entertainment.

JINGLE.

MOTLEY MUSINGS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A WRITER in a literary journal says there is some reason for supposing that the Bard of Avon had Arab blood in his veins. He considerately refrained from alluding to Sheikspeare.

. . . . .

IN the verbal duel between the Duke of Northumberland and Mr. Cook, the former was an easy winner. When it comes to putting one's dukes up, class always tells.

. . .

BECAUSE of their control of the wheat market, certain Canadians have recently become millionaires. Perhaps as they have the dough it was inevitable.

. . .

WE are informed by a Parisian newspaper that English hairdressers are the best in the world. In other words, Britannia rules the waves.

. . .

FROM a provincial newspaper:—"For sale, small semi-detached mouse." Is there not some saying about a mouse divided against itself?

. . .

"WHAT sort of chap is your dentist?"

"Not so bad, but he rather gets on my nerves!"

. . .

AND the man who said the profession of a dentist was a hand-to-mouth living wasn't so far wrong.

. . .

"I'VE just had my hair bingled."

"Did you say 'bingled,' dear, or 'bungled'?"

WE refuse to believe the story of the *fiancée* of a famous footballer who ordered from the local hosier's a Cup tie.

. . . . .

"RACING," says a sporting journal, "is always in a state of flux." How to make racing stable has always been a problem.

. . . . .

WE once saw under an autograph of an actor the phrase: "Yours till the curtain falls." We are assured, however, that a certain movie hero always subscribes himself: "Yours to the last foot of the film."

. . . . .

THERE is a well-known Bohemian who acts up to the adage, "Where I dines, I sleeps." A poem composed upon him has for its opening lines:—

I always sleep in other people's houses,
My friends declare that I'm the Sofa King.

THE BETTER PLAN.

I know it's customary to
Give presents on Dec. 25;
The habit's cheerful and 'tis true
It keeps old friendships still alive;
But of its wisdom I've a doubt;
I wait until the year is out.

To-day I've sent my presents off:
A scarf for Jones, whose throat is weak;
To Johnson, who's a whale at golf,
A curious club to show his clique;
Some ginger wine to the discerning
Binks. (It's a brand plucked from the burning!)

A tie with green and crimson spots
I've forwarded to a relation;
Two aspidistras in blue pots
Should cause Aunt Julia jubilation;
And though I never speak to him,
I've sent cigars to Uncle Jim!

And, trust me, I can swiftly show
That in my method there is sense;
By prudently behaving so,
I save myself untold expense;
For all the gifts I've sent, you see,
Were given on Christmas Day to ME!

. . . . .

"THAT elderly lady over there who's looking at you says she likes you, Jim, because your eyes twinkle."

"Well, I wish she'd take the beam out of her own eye!"

. . .

A CONTEMPORARY reminds us that last year, at Christmas, there was a similar rumour about espionage to the one that is now current. Mince spies are ever popular.

. . .

WE understand that some extraordinary spiritualistic photographs have been taken. We expect that the "exposure" of them will be complete.

. . .

MOREOVER, those who attend *séances* would be well advised more carefully to observe the happy medium.

. . .

WE believe that the list of those who claim rewards for war inventions is almost exhausted. For this relief much tanks.

. . .

MANY people have already gone away for the holidays, and several slate-club secretaries are among them.

BY STAN TERRY

A QUAINT OLD "PARTY"

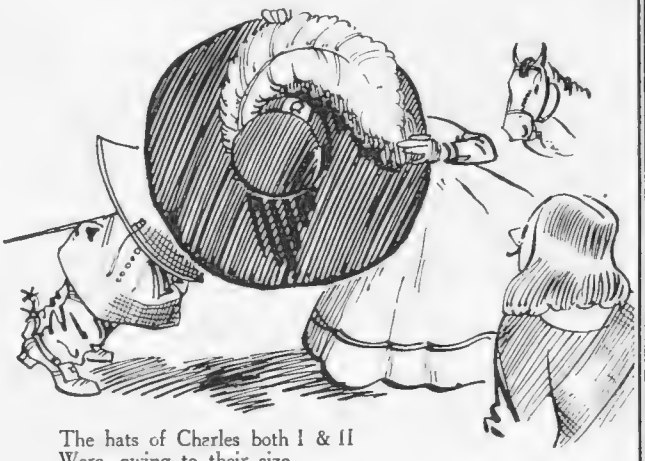
CHARLADY: "Yes, mum, we 'as many arguements at 'ome over politics. Y'see, I'm a Conservative, but me 'usband 'e's an aht-and-aht Ridicule"

Under the Mistletoe.

In B.C. umpteen umpty ump,
The girls who went before us
Frequently had a kiss purloined
By a passing brontosaurus.

The visor was an
excellent thing
To use against
one's foes;
But frequently when kissing
It would tweak the lady's nose.

The ruffles of Queen Bess's time
Were really a disgrace,
It took a strong and silent man
To reach his loved one's face



The hats of Charles both I & II
Were, owing to their size,
The very thing for keeping out
Of sight of prying eyes.

In Queen Victoria's golden age,
Alas! the chaperone
Seldom allowed her ward to be
Long with a chap alone.

But now-a-days our swain doth carry
Private apparatus,
Enabling him to carry out
His work without hiatus.

BY D'EGVILLE

Illustrating how we have bowed before the Mistletoe Bough's appeal from the "dim grey dawn of man."

"Youth with Swift Feet"

Horace W. Nicholls

A charming study from the snow slopes above Chamonix, where youth moves ever with swift feet—or rather skis—and falls are looked upon as being all in the day's fun.

A BYSTANDER ABROAD

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

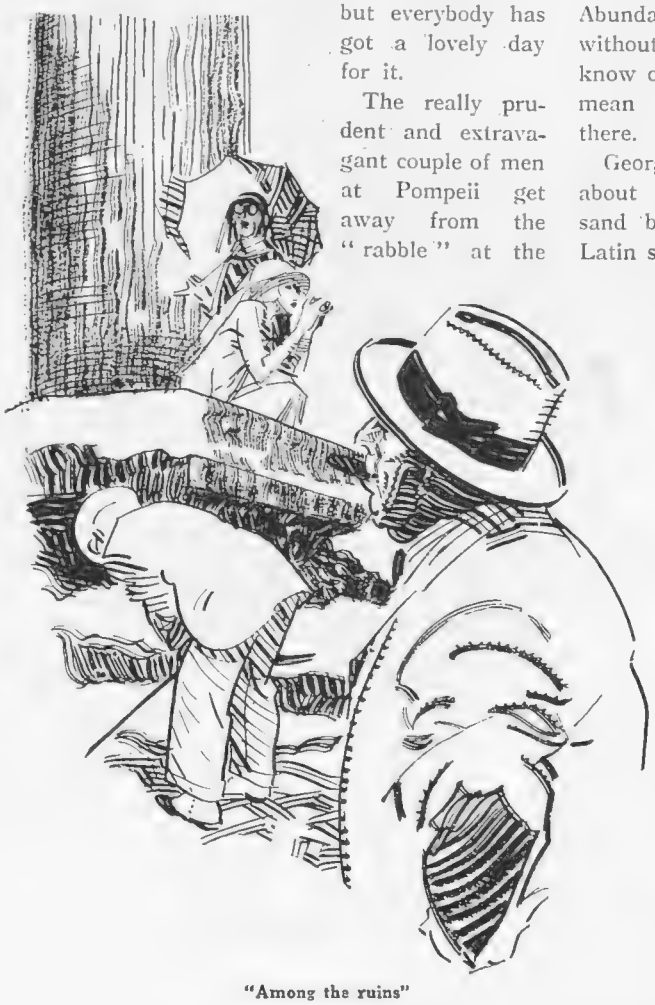
NOSING ABOUT POMPEII

THE visionary, the dreamer, has a thrill that is given only to his rather boring species at the sight of the Bay of Naples in the early morning. He stands as far forward as possible on the deck of the good ship *Arcadian* and absorbs the whole miraculous business into his system gratefully. The saxe-blue sea: last night's moon paling (oh! the things he said last night: did she believe the half of them?). The sun getting up in an orange-hued turmoil. Little red sails of fussy fishing boats. A lemon veil of mist round the purple foot-hills: the white fog of Vesuvius above. Grey mountains sweeping the floor of the skies. The glitter on the roofs of the city hardening every minute to amber and ochre. "Gee!" he says, fervently, if an American. "Great Scot!" if only an Englishman. "Aye!" non-commitally if a Scotsman.

But the ship's four hundred passengers, the practical, the purposeful, the people with a definite object in view and no damn nonsense, are setting about breakfast below with that grim determination so prevalent among those who are never quite themselves before this meal and invariably a bit above themselves after it. Pompeii is about to be visited. "The ruins, you know: marvellous preservation, they say: very interesting, and all that. Better take a coat and the camera and the field-glasses and a shooting stick and a sunshade and some liras from the Purser." And this is how it is done and enjoyed. We are, indeed, a marvellous nation when on the move, sight-seeing—at least the natives think so.

Yours is car No. 29 in the Excursion. There are only 2½ inches of dust on the road, so *that's* all right; and away you go, the long cavalcade bumping and hooting over the unspeakable road surface; and the queer smells beating about your nostrils; and the fond Italian mother in every other doorway with fingers busy in the populous heads of the children—but everybody has got a lovely day for it.

The really prudent and extravagant couple of men at Pompeii get away from the "rabble" at the entrance gate and hitch themselves on to a guide all their very own. This has distinct advantages. Firstly, you can hear what the guide says, and translate it between you into real English. Secondly, you can view the Roman ladies' apartments, in the Street of Abundance, and—er—places of that sort without some persistent woman you know on board saying, "I *do* think it mean of you not to take me in there. . . ."



"Among the ruins"

George and I did this; and we nosed about the romantic city as happy as sand boys (George putting a lot of Latin stuff over on me to his great joy) unhampered by femininity—but not for long. You become submerged very soon in the eddies of the tourist stream. People roam about Pompeii in droves. There is no avoiding them. I was utterly lost in wrapt contemplation of some marvellous mosaic flooring in the courtyard of the *Domus Veltiori* when I heard a female voice saying, "But this wasn't all done by *hand*, surely? Ask the guide again, Fred."

On the threshold of another Roman villa we came, perforce, upon a platoon of the great British public gazing at a stone inscription "Caveat Canem." Says a member of that enlightened company, "Good Lor'! so *that's* where our expression, 'Beware of the Dog,' comes from: I

never knew that, did you?" And again, in the marble Turkish bath, we wander round the walls admiring, though not in the least understanding, some of the mural frescoes, when we are summoned to the attention of one who exclaims excitedly, "Look here, you chaps, do you see?" fingering a fissure in the wall, "they had double walls, with a vacuum of air, evidently to keep the temperature steady—pretty modern in those days, although it *was* only A.D. 60 something—what?" . . .

The Britisher abroad gives vent to a blank astonishment, tinged with a slight dismay, whenever he is brought abruptly face to face with some object of beauty or utility that he has hitherto associated in his mind as being primarily the result of British enterprise or Anglo-Saxon imagination. People at Pompeii, the guides will tell you, invariably express great astonishment at the perspicacity of the ancient Romans in having had lead pipes for drainage. They finger them and poke sticks at them with gestures that imply a benevolent appreciation of the old Roman's quickness in the uptake. Similarly, in one of the bakers' shops, I heard a woman say, "Oh, look, mother," pointing to an oven aperture, "that bricked fireplace is the same pattern and shape as ours—isn't that quaint."

"Snatched up his wife in his arms"

For the height of desecration, however, I commend you to the gentleman of our world of Arcady who was inflicted with a wife who had a tongue like a two-edged sword. There were about fifty of us in the Forum, absorbing the tremendous atmosphere of that historic place each in our own particular way, when suddenly there was a feminine squeal. The long-suffering husband had snatched up his wife in his arms and placed her full length on the stone slab of the Altar of Sacrifice. She was very amused when released. But she had not observed, as I did, the tiger-ish gleam in his eyes at the time. . . .

Well, well, one lives and learns, even when nosing about the ruins of Pompeii.

L. N. A.

WELL IN HAND.

Two photographs of a little exercise on the ice which is not recommended to skating novices until they have a fairly good idea of their edges. The demonstration is being given on the Grand Rink at St. Moritz by Miss Katie Schmidt and Mr. Howard Nicholson, the well-known exhibition skaters

Up The Bole!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Curious disguise assumed by wireless enthusiast to escape payment of his licence

AMONG THE FLOW

Impressions gleaned among the flower gardens and flower markets of the Riviera. While the *monde* is
Antibes or in flower markets such as that of old Menton, are growing and flour

BY HELEN McKIE

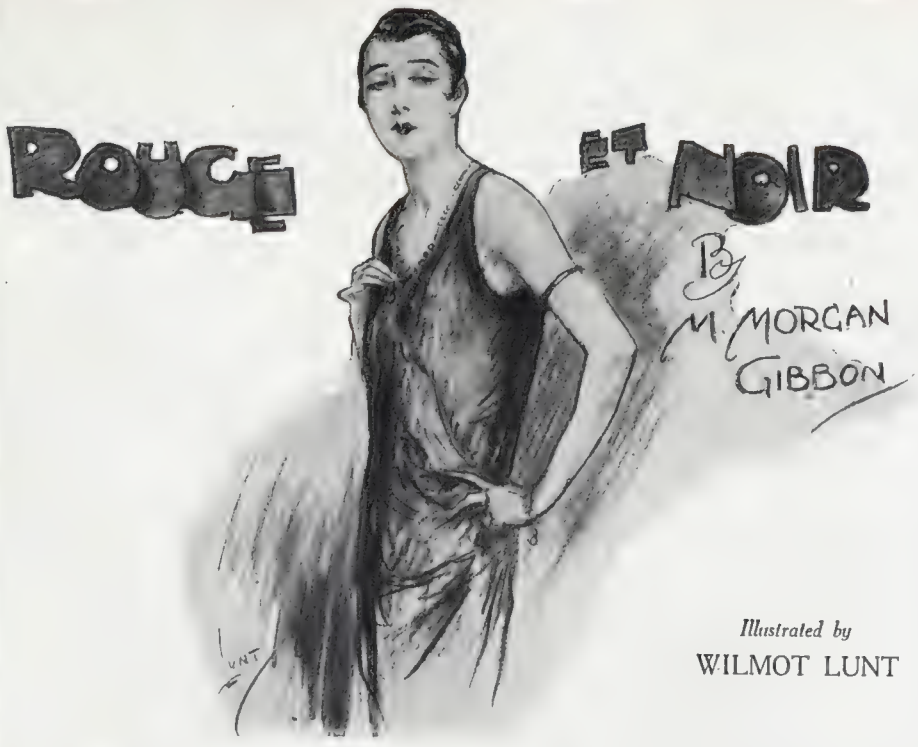
S OF THE SOUTH

te is thronging the great resorts of the Côte d'Azur, the natives of the region, on the flower farms of
narl ting the fragrant harvest which forms one of the Riviera's chief industries

BY LENDON

A SCRATCH COLLECTION

VISITOR (*buying intimate presents*): "Gee! Won't Sadie be just tickled to death with these!"



Illustrated by
WILMOT LUNT

["*There is nothing new under the sun.*"—SOLOMON.

FANNY CURZON'S parties were always a success. So was Fanny. She was pretty, dressed well, and as her friends, who were many, told her enemies, who were more, "dear Fanny was just frightfully orlginal."

Fanny herself, who had no illusions left as to how many beans make five, was quite candid.

"I don't mind telling you, dear," she would whisper to any one of her dozen dearest friends, "I flatter the men and feed the women. It's as easy as A.B.C. Oh! and"—she yawned—"of course there's plenty of 'bubbly' for all the thirsty."

Which explanation was in itself original in these days of cheeseparing and looking twice at every shilling, and affords ample reason why people whenever they had the chance, flocked to the one big house in Mayfair which has not yet been taken by Michael Arlen.

But the "crushes" in all their glory lacked the distinction of the little intimate dinners. Sometimes they were *parties carrées*—sometimes—four, five—ten—sometimes they were *à deux*.

On these occasions Fanny was in her element, and her *chef* put forth all his wizardry and magic to titillate the appetites of those who live to eat.

To-night, the diners, bidden earlier in the week on Fanny's blue-and-gold notepaper in Fanny's bold handwriting, to a "Rouge et Noir," faced without flinching the treacherous night air, actuated by memories of past dinners and hopes of future ones.

As for "Rouge et Noir," whatever that might mean—well, let Fanny see to it.

At seven minutes to eight all the usual crowd were there. They had only one thing in common, their love of good food, and, therefore, one and all were aggrieved that to-night, for the first time that anyone could remember, there was a hitch in the arrangements. For a diner was late.

Yes—he, or perhaps she—with Fanny you never knew—was actually late for one of Fanny Curzon's dinners.

As though that were not sufficiently disturbing, Fanny waited. Now, wasn't that original? Eight o'clock struck on several clocks—five minutes—ten—a quarter of an hour slipped by.

The guests looked at one another with ill-concealed agitation, till Mona Ritchie, who had missed her lunch and was pea-green with hunger, raised a feeble protest born of desperation.

"Why are we waiting, Fanny, darling?" she whined. "We're twelve!"

Fanny, *svelte* in scarlet chiffon, her black hair sleek in an Eton crop, with the red lips of a wanton in a nun's white face, looked upon her friend with wondering eyes, rebuking her obtuseness.

"Twelve?" she repeated, vaguely, and again "twelve?" She smiled scornfully as she defended her claim to be original. "Of course, we were to be thirteen, dear."

But even originality weakens before the onslaught of hunger, so at twenty past eight the round dozen trooped unoriginally into the dining-room, which had been redecorated for the occasion.

It caused all the sensation Fanny had schemed, for it was black—ceiling, furniture, walls—relieved by the scarlet of carpet, curtains, and lights.

One man rubbed his eyes—hoping it wasn't true, but fearing it was. "Am I drunk or dreaming?" muttered another, then swore softly, but audibly. A woman, silly chit, gave a little scream; another—it was Mona the hungry—felt faint. And then someone played up like a conductor signalling his orchestra to come in on the down beat. "Oh!" said he, drawing in a long breath. "Isn't it——" He paused to give the cue. "Original," they cried in chorus.

"Sit where you like," chanted Fanny,

'"Marry you?' Fanny was really almost at a loss"

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reserving the place on her left for the late-comer. "Don't wait. Just begin." The guests were only too glad to do so, and fell upon the food with an appetite, snapping their fingers figuratively at digestion. The meal, as usual, was not without certain claims to distinction, and, like the room, it followed a colour scheme. *Hors-d'œuvres* were red and black—black caviare and smoked salmon, with black olives and black bread. Russian black broth—*bortsch* came next; followed lobster, served as a lobster should be served; with mushrooms—ah, but they were mushrooms!—and black game with pimentoes, and——

At this point the door swung open without noise to allow, unannounced, a young man to come in.

He was a very ordinary young man: a clean, athletic young man, nothing, in fact, to distinguish him from hundreds of other clean, athletic young men, except his hair, which was as red as fire, and a certain pleasant geniality of temper, not usual at this time in the history of the world.

He murmured some apology to his hostess, something deferent, perhaps, and gracious certainly, for it smoothed out the crease between Fanny's eyes and a dimple dimpled in her chin. Then with a little smile he was about to move away to look for his seat, when Fanny tapped the chair beside her. "Here! This is your seat!"

For half the fraction of a second he appeared surprised, even amazed, at the honour, but all he said was: "This is very delightful," before turning to the lady on his other side, to whom he devoted himself for the rest of the meal.

"Who is he?" whispered someone to her neighbour, and the man who is always at every party—the man who knows everything and from whom nothing is hidden, made reply, "That is Timothy Raikes. Oh! don't you know him? He's Fanny's husband."

Therefore once more that weary, overworked word, "original," was on every tongue. "Fancy that! And he's not living with her. Isn't she original?"

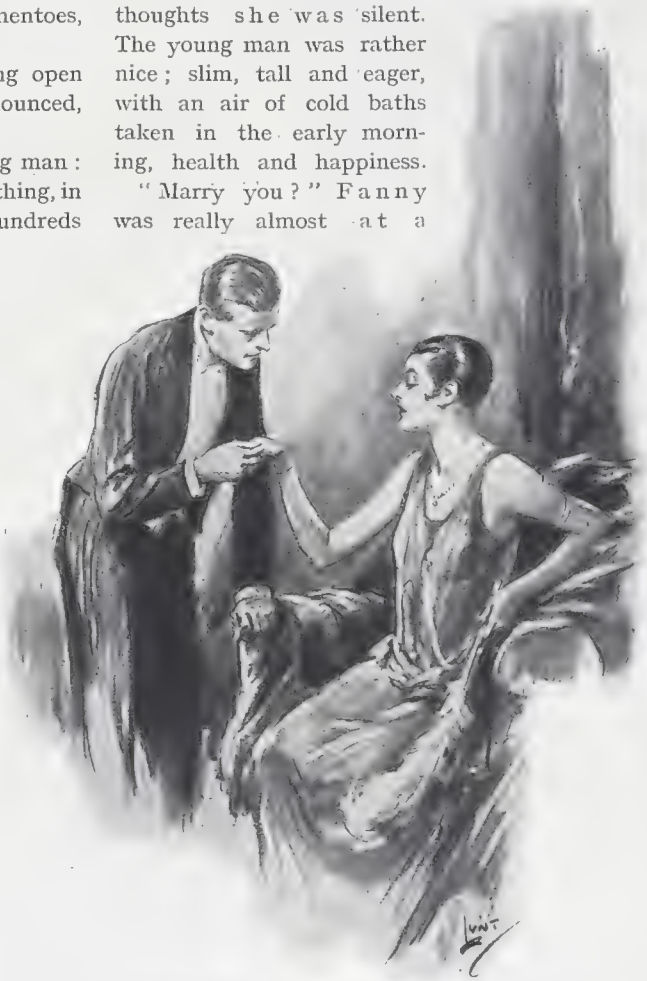
. . . . . .

Most people who were anybody knew the story of Fanny's marriage, though Fanny herself had told, in strictest confidence, no one but all her dearest friends, who, less discreet, had talked freely.

It was in her second-and-twentieth year that the astounding thing had happened. Plenty of men admired her, without feeling that they could afford permanently to keep so expensive a luxury as Fanny, but Timothy Raikes, a mere nobody, to whom she had given a dance by mistake, actually proposed to her. There was no mistake about it. He asked Fanny Curzon—with all her reputation for being original—to marry him.

For the moment he had taken her breath away—he was so presumptuous, unconscious, too, that he was so. Something terse and crisp hung on her tongue, but on second thoughts she was silent. The young man was rather nice; slim, tall and eager, with an air of cold baths taken in the early morning, health and happiness.

"Marry you?" Fanny was really almost at a loss. "Why, Tim! my poor, dear boy, we'd grow tired of one another in—"



"'Good night,' she replied, in very tolerable imitation of an iceberg"

"You mean you would grow tired of me," he interrupted.

She allowed his emendation to pass. "In a month," she added.

"Oh, no!" he persisted. "People get sick of luxuries—not necessities. You can eat bread every day."

"Toast," Fanny corrected him.

"It's the same thing"; he stuck to his point.

"I've not enough tang to worry you, Fanny, and—and I do love you, oh! most awfully."

He was actually old-fashioned enough to say it, just like that, and since he possessed a small annual income of about ten thousand pounds—which I forgot to mention before—Fanny looked at him with a puzzled little frown wondering what was the best way not to hurt his feelings.

"I would have to be free. I couldn't ever live with anyone," she began.

"Why should you?" he asked. And again, "Is there any need?"

That put the matter on a different footing. She looked at him hard and with a new interest.

"I should always keep my maiden-name," she challenged him.

"Why not! Of course!" he answered, seemingly surprised that she should trouble to mention anything so obvious.

He met all her other objections with the same air of cheerful wonder—till on a certain day in a particular church, she married him, and his ten thousand a year.

There was no honeymoon to speak of, because Fanny was booked to go to Monte Carlo to a simply wonderful house-party, consisting, as she told her husband, of "people you don't know and wouldn't care for if you did."

So off she went, with her *trousseau* since no one in his senses could expect a trifle like marriage to stop Fanny going to Monte.

Tim saw her off. "Stay as long as you like," he cried. "You are free as the air, Fanny," and instead of rejoicing, Fanny sulked.

She returned home a week before her time to find that Tim had gone to California, and when he did come back, well, she lived in Mayfair in one of the few houses which Michael Arlen has not taken, while Tim lived at his Club.

. . . . . .

Original! The word, like a well-whipped top, hummed round the table, echoed and re-echoed by everyone except Timothy, who was in the best position to know how really original his wife was.

But amid the general acclamation, she missed his voice. "Well!" she was flushed with her little triumph and that second glass of champagne—"What d'you think of my colour schemes, Tim?"

"Original!" cackled someone, paying for his dinner.

Tim looked at the speaker, then glanced round the room.

"I like it," he said, slowly, helping himself to black grapes and rejecting strawberries. "But, of course, I've seen it before."

"Never!" cried Fanny, weakening into "Where?"

(*Continued on page 1014*)

A Winning Double

The Trix Sisters who are the bright, particular stars in "Trix," the new revue which is proving a regular "trumper" at the Apollo Theatre.

MISS JOSEPHINE TRIX

MISS HELEN TRIX

"Have you forgotten Aunt Jane?" he asked, reproach in look more than tone, while the whole table pricked up its ears.

"Tim!" Fanny's voice, crisp with acerbity, merely increased the others' keenness to learn all there was to know. "I never knew you had an Aunt Jane."

"Hush!" hissed someone, whom curiosity had made bold.

Tim looked at his wife, torn between desire to be silent, compulsion to speak.

"She kept her rooms almost in darkness," he apologised to Fanny for betraying her secret. "It was the darkness of shadow," he explained to the others—"really more effective than paint. For colour,"—he was brief—"a glowing peat fire."

"How marvellous!" breathed someone in a tone that somehow deprecated Fanny's attempts.

"It was!" averred Tim. 'And I'm so delighted to see the old family traits coming out in Fanny."

She did not appear to share any cause he had for joy. Her originality had been assailed, and she was furious.

She stood up and with an imperious gesture summoned the womenfolk to follow her, leaving the men to their wine. She walked ahead of them along the corridor, glancing sideways at herself in the mirror. Her profile was clear-cut, her hair sleek to her head like a skull cap. Thank goodness, she did not run to flesh—no banting nor physical jerks for her. She was herself and she'd show Tim! Yes—she would.

Dancing later in the gilt ballroom with everyone except Tim, who did not ask her, she was a conspicuous success, and must have afforded her husband great joy, for he sat smiling to himself with his eyes fixed upon her, following her about. When the music stopped, he crossed to where she was sitting with young Ferdie Frost beside her—Ferdie Frost, the dramatist, *the* dramatist.

"You're a living marvel," Ferdie was saying, his face about an inch from hers—"You're as light as a feather, and you dance divinely, Fanny, my angel!"

"Yes, doesn't she?" Tim agreed with enthusiasm, all aglow to find that other men agreed in appreciation of his wife.

"No one like her," gushed Ferdie.

"Oh! be quiet," advised Fanny.

But Tim didn't mind. He appeared delighted with life in general and everyone in particular.

"And I had lunch with your Mother to-day," he remarked, apropos of nothing.

"What on earth for?" demanded Fanny. "I was all by my s———," she stopped in time. "Mother's so—so scatty." She ended, "Was there anything to eat?"

"Jolly good lunch!" He wrinkled his brow searching for details. "Black olives, I think," he quoted what he could remember of to-night's menu, and some soup stuff—*bortsch*—and—er—er—lobster."

"Why!" Ferdie's malicious little eyes twinkled with delight. "That's what Fanny gave us to-night." He wagged a finger at her. 'Naughty little Fanny! She cribbed from Mamma, and I thought she'd thought of it herself."

His voice could be heard cackling from group to group, and what Fanny said to Tim is neither here nor there.

At midnight, a negro butler served iced coffee and ham and eggs—"Like we used to have at home," gurgled Tim, before anyone could say how original. "How sweet of you to remember I liked it."

"I didn't," said Fanny.

But, of course, it was nonsense to talk like that; quite impossible to claim originality for queer, quaint ideas when your husband lets you down at every turn.

But the guests, though disappointed, were still inclined to think the best of Fanny, for it was her custom that no one departed from her house without a gift—cigars—cigarettes—scent—even chocolates.

She moved to the Buhl cabinet, where they were already waiting, but Tim forestalled her.

"In our family," he announced, "we always give presents on our own birthday." From his pocket he drew a miniature. "For you, Fanny," he said, "from me on my birthday," and the pity was she didn't know whether he spoke the truth or not.

But she had her suspicions as she gazed at the miniature of a girl the image of herself, with sleek black hair brushed back like her own, and a scarlet frock—*à la* crinoline.

Fanny stared at this thing, which assailed even her personality, with something very much like fear in her eyes.

"What is it?" she stammered.

"Your great aunt," he said, suavely, "I found the photograph"—(this much was true, only the photograph was one of Fanny)—"and I had a miniature copied from it for you. I do hope you're pleased, Fanny. You seem to me the image of her. I should think you'd have all her mannerisms."

Fanny frowned.

"Exactly," he cried.

She bit her lip.

"To the life"; he was enthusiastic.

She stamped her foot, shaking a little fist at him, thumb clenched inside, just as it was in the miniature. Suddenly she stood quite still—thinking.

Tim, poor simpleton, had contrived in one short evening to dispel her reputation for originality—which it had taken years to build up. She hated Tim, who wasn't simple at all, but full of guile and wickedness. His stupid stories were not true; though everyone would pretend to believe him; she'd divorce him; she'd never speak to him nor see him again.

As though reading her thoughts, he spared her the trouble of airing them, for he rose to take his leave.

"Good-night," he bowed to her, raising her cold hand for an instant to his colder lips.

"Good-night," she replied, in very tolerable imitation of an iceberg.

"And good-bye," added he.

She was not to be drawn, but what remained of an eyebrow after shaving was raised in languid query.

"Round the world," he said. Then in reply to that other question which she did not mean to ask. "No, I don't know when I'll be back. I'll take my time. I've always liked the sound of the South Seas—palms, coral and silver sand. A couple of years—perhaps—say three."

He smiled at her again, but she was grave.

"When you write," he went on—substituting "If you write, let me know how you are, please."

He bowed again to her, and still again to the assembled company. Then he walked to the door, but stood with his hand on the latch for a last word.

"Is there anything I can do for you before I go?" he enquired.

It seemed that he would get no answer, for she turned her head away.

"Nothing?" he persisted.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, swaying in her scarlet frock like a flame in the wind.

Her face, white as paper before, was now suddenly aglow with colour; then the unbelievable happened, for Fanny Curzon burst into a flood of tears as she threw herself upon her husband. Her tears fell on his face and on his clean shirt front, but he did not appear to heed anything but Fanny's hysterical sobbing.

"Take me with you, Tim. Don't leave me behind."

With his arm tightly round her, he soothed her—her black hair near his fiery locks—her scarlet frock against his black coat.

"This!" he murmured, "is what I call really original!"

M. Morgan Gibbon

English as She is Spook

BY THORPE

AMERICAN VISITOR: "Say, bo—!"
THE SPECTRE OF THE GRANGE (*wearily*): "Alas, I have tried that, but it does not affright anyone!"

The "Principal" Attractions

MISS GABY JOYCE
Who plays Abdullah in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith

MISS VICTORIA CARMEN
Who is the Principal Boy in "Bo-Peep" at the Wimbledon Theatre. There will be, however, no "ruff-stuff" in this cheery pantomime!

Rita Martin

MISS STEPHANIE STEPHENS
The Principal Boy in "Robinson Crusoe" at the Princes Theatre, Bristol. We now know the answer to the old question, "why Robinson Crew so"

Mabel Robey

MISS VESTA SYLVA
The charming actress who plays a leading part in "The Sleeping Beauty," this year's pantomime at the Liverpool Empire

Navana

MISS RONA RAY
Who is the Principal Girl in "The Forty Thieves" at the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. She is sure to be a bright Ray in the show

of the Christmas Play Season

G. P. A.

MISS PHYLLIS BLACK

A dainty Bluebell in "Bluebell in Fairyland," the pantomime at the Chelsea Palace. This satisfactorily explains the call of the countryside

Dorothy Wilding

MISS CLARICE MAYNE

A popular Principal Boy, who plays Prince Charming in "Cinde-ella," the pantomime at the Palladium

Yvonne Gregory

MISS DOROTHY DICKSON

Who is this year's Peter Pan at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Despite the fact that he refuses to grow up, Peter comes of age this year

MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI

Who plays an important part in "Where the Rainbow Ends," which Miss Italia Conti revived at the Holborn Empire on Boxing Day

PARISIANA *By "René"*

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Only a pearl necklace"

Mes Amis—

Grave fears have leadened the atmosphere, but they have been dissipated, and now there are only smiles of relief over the fate of the Isle of Beauty. Unbeknown to most of us, Corsica, it appears, had been slipping, gliding, or whatever it is an island does when it is a wee bit wonky on its rockers. This was a matter of no small moment, diplomatic as well as geographical. A few more metres to the east and Signor Mussolini would have seen the opportunity of planting thereon the Italian flag, symbol of an unexpected extension of his dictatorship.

A few more metres to the west, and the other dictator, Gen. Primo de Rivera, could have visioned an addition to the territory of Spain, without requiring the permission of Abd-el-Krim. There was even the possibility of painting another bit red upon the map had the slide of Corsica been perpetuated a little to the south, towards Malta. But all these possibilities, any one of which could have involved the loss of Corsica to France, have been averted, thanks to the isle-saving efforts of M. Paul Helbronner.

By an amazingly efficient system of invisible triangles, which I don't in the least understand, but which, I am assured by those who do, are one hundred per cent. fool-proof, and therefore outside the range of disturbance of even the Chamber of Deputies, M. Helbronner has "fixed" Corsica now and for all time. There can be cause for no more disquietude on that score. There is not the slightest risk that the Rome Press or the Madrid Press or the London Press can get a grasping clutch on our monopoly in vendettas. In the matter of monopolies—as those who wish to purchase the French tobacco monopoly can confirm—it is an affair of what we have we hold. Corsica is held in triangles that promise to be eternal.

It is not often given even to the most deserving of us, meaning me, to be in a theatre when a first-class entertainment is provided that is entirely beyond the range of the programme, and for which there is no extra charge, and it has to be admitted that such a favour would not have been accorded on this occasion, either, had it not been for a little advance information procured by Marcel, who has friends in both places—I mean places where they know, as well as places where they *savent rien*. However, the little whisper sufficed to convey us in time to the well-known theatre on the heights of Montmartre where one of the *vedettes* was to appear—so she had threatened—in a string of pearls and a small monogram, the monogram being worked, of course, on a ground of silk that was expansive enough to carry it, but no more. And she did. Precisely as she had threatened.

But it is worth while telling, first, why she embarked on the threat. It seems that the wife of the stage-manager had developed a dislike of the *vedette*—probably on account of jealousy, as she had proclaimed a willingness to undertake the *rôle*—but it was impossible to thrust her out by the ordinary means of dismissal, as,

(Continued on page 1020)

"Corsica's eternal triangles"

A Visitor to Europe

M. ANDREAS PAVLEY

Who is well known in America in connection with the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet. With M. Serge Oukrainsky and their corps de ballet he is to appear in Paris and, later, in London

"Confiscated all the dresses."

being the *succès principal* of the combination, she was very popular with the whole of the company. So, after the performance one night, the *vedette* learned that the stage-manager's wife had confiscated all the dresses of her *rôle,* to make it impossible for her to appear the following evening.

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THE *vedette,* who happens to be high-spirited and *audacieuse,* as well as beautiful in both senses, shapely as well as comely, immediately informed the rest of the company that if her *robes* should not be available, she would take the boards without them, confident that her beauty would be sufficiently adorned to satisfy the onlookers. At first the audience was a little *consterné* when, amidst a slow-marching chorus, appeared the graceful form of the principal, displaying only a pearl necklace and a sash about the width of a hat-band, such a favour having been promised neither by programme nor by acquaintances who had been earlier; but a Paris audience does not take long to recover from this kind of surprise, and in a couple of seconds the courage of the *étoile* was rewarded by the most thunderous round of applause that the piece had ever known.

S

CHAGRIN of the stage-manager's wife, in the intensity of which she sent for the police and insisted that the *vedette* should be ejected from the theatre on that very elastic charge of outrage *aux mœurs. M. le Commissaire* was ready to *constater* the technical infringement, despite the attitude of the audience favouring felicitations, not censure, when the rest of the company, who had hitherto remained in the obscurity of indecision, collectively declared that if the *vedette* were "run in" they would at once run off, and the curtain would have to be rung down for the night.

S

Bon enfant, M. le Commissaire, saw there was more in this absence of costume than met the eye, and, pointing out to the stage-manager that, in the event of a failure to go through with the performance, he would have to insist on the return of their money to the audience, counselled a truce, the spirited principal being permitted to continue in the unquestionably successful costume of the pearl maiden. Sagely, the stage-manager consented, and the play had what was easily its most triumphant night.

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I MAY say that I have purposely omitted the name of the theatre, because, as the pearl parade is not to be repeated, it would be a waste of time for anybody to hurry over. What the valiant *vedette* was prepared to do for one stormy night she is not prepared to make a habit of. Matters were arranged on amicable and more ample terms—that is, with the assurance of more ample coverings.

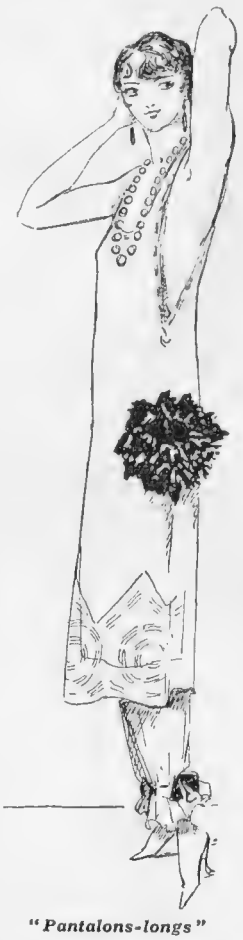
S

SOLUTION of this controversy having been furnished, we now turn to consideration of another. Some of the pertinacious people who have to do with the imposition of *la mode*—it is not yet apparent whether the renewed offensive comes from the ranks of the *couturiers* or their friends the manufacturers of *étoffes* who wish to sell additional quantities of cloth—reveal signs of increased irritation at the continued popularity of the short frock. They insist that it has ruled *affaires* far too long. But the Parisienne refuses, with an absolute determination, to bow to any order that she shall add a few more inches to her frock. Her ideas are on the upward plane.

S

SO the offensive has now assumed another direction. As the Parisienne declines to include more material in her skirt, it is proposed that she be called upon to wear more material along with her skirt in the form of *pantalons-longs*—that is, *pantalons* coming down towards the ankles, as in the days of our crinolined and hooped great-grandmothers. *Mais, je reste sceptique, moi.* This is not a covering-up but a taking-off period, *n'est-ce pas,* Reginald? Beauty has charms to show, not to suppress.

RENÉ.



"Pantalons-longs"

To Our Readers Abroad

The Editor sends cordial New Year greetings to all readers abroad, from whom he will always be pleased to receive photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER *in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.*

Nothing to "Ma" Their Joy

SHE: "Mother never goes out, you know. She simply hates visiting!"
HE: "Splendid! Will you marry me, dearest?"

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Fine Riders

A BOOK in which people interested in cross-country sport will find a great deal of pleasure is "Famous Gentlemen Riders at Home and Abroad," by Mr. Charles A. Voigt, which has just been published by Hutchinson's at 24s. It is delightful to read of the notable exploits of the many gallant fellows who are dealt with in these tightly packed pages. In spite of the mass of information regarding his heroes which Mr. Voigt has been able to get together, the book is so brightly written that there is never a dull page. Many of the subjects have gone to the happy hunting grounds, notably Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. J. M. Richardson, Mr. Arthur Yates, and Mr. Hugh Owen. But happily a great many of the men whose careers in the saddle are described can still indulge in their love for horse and hound. I confess that a few of Mr. Voigt's characters have been hitherto unknown to me, chiefly the Continental riders, but this only shows the exceptionally wide knowledge which the author possesses of the subject, and which he covers so entertainingly.

Stanley House

WHEN I wrote my notes on the impending retirement of the Hon. George Lambton in last week's issue, the appointment of his successor as trainer at Stanley House had not been made public. It is now known, however, that the duties will be taken up at the end of 1926 by Frank Butters. I understand the arrangement is that he will act as assistant trainer to Mr. Lambton during the coming season. The appointment is not one which had been generally expected, but I think it can be said that racing people have heard of it with much approval. I have never met Frank Butters, but I have heard a great deal of his skill in his profession from many quarters. Before the war he was at the top of the tree among the trainers in Hungary, where racing has always been a popular institution. Subsequently Butters went to manage one of the leading stables in Italy, and here he met with as much success as had attended him in his former home.

A Popular Family

IN the racing world his family is widely known and respected. It is not too much to say that his father, Joseph Butters, enjoys the deep affection of everybody who knows him. It must be delightful for the veteran to know that his eldest son has now secured one of the plums of the training profession. Mrs. Willie Jarvis, the wife of the trainer to the King, is a sister of Frank Butters, while one of his brothers, Fred, has a small string of horses at Newmarket, and well deserves to get a stronger team. As I stated last week, Mr. Lambton, although giving up his licence as a trainer, will continue to manage Lord Derby's horses. So things at Stanley House will go on very much in the same way as they have done since the institution of the stable.

New Year Events

WEATHER permitting, there will be good sport at the New Year meeting at Manchester. As usual a strong programme has been arranged for New Year's Day and the following afternoon. The big event will be the Victory Steeplechase on Friday, for which Fariray has the distinction of sharing top weight with Silvo. The latter's task does not seem to be at all difficult, so I imagine he will be found among the competitors. Of course, it would be better for Silvo if the distance had been three miles instead of two. I think that Soothing Glass, who was a bit unlucky to have been beaten at Haydock Park recently, is likely to give Mr. Midwood's horse a very good race. Interest will attach to the performances of the young Irish horses, Blancona and Grecian Wave. I make **Silvo** my selection and depend upon Soothing Glass in his absence. On the second day of the meeting, we have the Victory Hurdle Race, which looks like being a real puzzle for backers. **Wandering Monk**, who was robbed of an opportunity of winning a big race on the flat when the Manchester November Handicap was cancelled, may afford consolation to William Nightingall's stable by carrying off this £500 prize.

WITH THE BLANKNEY

Mr. Pattinson (left), Flight-Lieut. Potter, Mrs. Potter and Mr. Tomlinson at the "After the Ball" meet of the Blankney. The Ball was held at Wellington Hall, near Lincoln

Photographs *Sport and General*

"AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER"

The Master, Col. the Hon. F. Vernon Willey and the Hon. Sylvia Portman at the "After the Ball" meet of the Blankney. The "party spirit" seems to be well to the fore at the meet

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

In Warwickshire

FOLLOWERS of hounds who do not live in the neighbourhood of the Warwickshire country were mildly surprised to hear a little time back that things were not going too smoothly with the executive there. When Mr. Walter Buckmaster took over the hounds two seasons ago in partnership with the Hon. E. Portman, it was generally agreed that the arrangement promised exceedingly well. It seemed to be one that should be continued for a long time, to the satisfaction of everybody in the Warwickshire region. It is now known, however, that differences of opinion have arisen as to the hunting of the hounds. According to report, Mr. Portman wishes to hunt the hounds himself two days a

IN THE VINE COUNTRY

The field moving off at a recent meet of the Vine which was held at the house of the Hunt Secretary, Mr. C. H. Illingworth, at Bramley. In the front row are: Mrs. Scott Murray (left), Mrs. J. H. Simmonds and Mr. C. H. Illingworth.

week, but Mr. Buckmaster, and I assume certain members of the Hunt Committee, do not see eye to eye with him in this suggestion. The whole question is to be gone into by a special Sub-Committee, and perhaps a decision will have been arrived at by the time these notes reach their readers.

Good Results

It can at least be said that the country has done well under its present leadership. Of course, the present season has been something of a wash-out so far owing to foot-and-mouth disease regulations and the frequent appearances of frost. The Masters, however, cannot be held responsible for such troubles as those. Last winter the Warwickshire had a very successful time, catching 44 brace of foxes, which was double the number of the preceding season. The pack has been appreciably strengthened since Mr. Buckmaster took charge, and there have been a record number of puppies out at walk, the way in which the country has come forward in the way of puppy-walks being marvellous. This is by no means the first time the question of an amateur huntsman has arisen in the Warwickshire country, and it is a knotty point which continues to trouble a good many other Hunt Committees.

Amateur Huntsmen

It can be laid down as an accepted fact that the average rider to hounds prefers to have a professional in charge of the pack. It must be admitted, however, that quite a large number of amateurs are making a success of the job at the present time. Lord Stalbridge, for example, has been distinctly successful in the Fernie country, and this in spite of the fact that he had to follow Arthur Thatcher, one of the greatest huntsmen of his generation. It is noticeable that vacancies are about to occur in several countries. One of the latest packs to be looking out for a new Master is the Ludlow, which is to lose the services of Mr. J. E. Charleton and Mr. Godson at the end of this season. In the Cattistock country an opportunity occurs for a keen sportsman who wishes to acquire experience of the Mastership of hounds. The Rev. Edgar Milne, who has hunted this country with great success for many seasons, is desirous of securing a joint Master for next season. It is a splendid sporting country, and there ought not to be much difficulty in securing the right man for the job.

The Wentworth

Some time ago it was announced that Lord Fitzwilliam intends to give up one of the two packs of which he holds the Mastership. Things are going on pretty much as usual in the Grove country, in which this vacancy will occur, but in the Wentworth country building operations in connection with new coalfields are interfering with hounds a great deal. This is especially the case on the Doncaster side. A number of country houses in the district are closed owing to the deterioration of the country from a residential point of view, but it can be said that the farmers, miners, and working population are keenly interested in hunting, and there is every prospect that the Wentworth pack will be able to continue. Among those who have been enjoying good sport with them are officers from the Royal Artillery Barracks at Sheffield. This is one of the few remaining purely private packs in the Kingdom. The only subscription is to the Wire and Poultry Fund, and it is questionable whether there are any other hounds with whom one can hunt so cheaply. Lord Fitzwilliam's place in the Grove country has not yet been filled.

Photographs *Topical*

BEFORE THE RUN

Viscountess Hardinge and the Hon. Ruby Hardinge, both of whom favour the side-saddle, ready for the fray. The photograph was taken at the opening meet of the Eridge at Eridge Castle

Here's a Happy New Year!

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"While as for Switzerland"

LONDON, *December* 28

DEAR COUSIN—

So Here We Are Again, as the saying goes, being especially popular at this moment, too, of course, seeing that this is the moment or era of the Supremacy of the Clown. Or should be, only most of the modern panto. producers seem to have rather washed out of the picture that old-time figure of joy—spite of Mr. Willson Disher's wonderful new book thereon (have you read it?) called "Clowns and Pantomimes."

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So deeply and utterly beloved by all the children, too, the clown used to be, just because of all the smackings and whackings and trippings and floppings he was accompanied withal. And parents, of course, may heartily and enthusiastically *schwärm* about these pretty-pretty fairy plays that get done around this time, and seeing as how they pay I suppose it's the managers' duty to try to please them. But what any healthy infant wants—even if aforesaid child looks in outward semblance like a miniature Madonna or ethereally innocent St. George—is just lots of noise and people being beaten and knocked over and generally having a bad time. Expect the psycho-analysts have got a special Freudian name for this odd taste, like *Schadenfreude* or something, but anyway, there it is. And not sure I haven't got a touch of it, too, judging by my own low and vulgar ideas in same direction.

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Anyway and howsoever that may be, above-mentioned topical clownly greeting does seem rather singularly *apropos* at this present juncture of not only pantos. and circuses (a perfect peach of a circ. opened at Olympia last week, with simply millions of lions and suchlike savage beasts, not to mention mere horses), but of a perfectly good and we'll hope Happy New Year which lurks just round the corner of but a couple of days, and though it starts on a Friday is none the worse for that to enlightened persons like *us*; what?

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Nor will be celebrated, methinks, any less heartily and with fewer bumpers of bubbly at the Savoy or the Ritz, or Ciro's or the Troc., and wheresoe'er they do gather together to bid a joyous farewell to 1925 and an as sparklingly splendid welcome to 1926. In fact, not altogether sure Friday isn't a rather specially tactfully chosen day for some of the bevy of fair women and brave men that do thus dutifully and more or less picturesquely revel: In view, I mean, of opportunities for subsequent restfulness provided by week-end, which even by such as toil in offices is observed, am told, as a sacred and holy period set apart from the sordid and (on the morning-after-the-night-before) well-nigh repulsive activities of the workaday world.

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There'll be, too, of course, *sans doute*, the usual handsome crop of New Year Honours this week, wherein all the best mayors and politicians and people who have deserved well of their country will be duly knighted or peered or presented with the O.B.E.—and very nice, too. And simply can't agree with all the critics who are always complaining because people they hadn't ever heard of before are thus fitted out with a nice new title and so forth. After all, does the great general public always or ever hear of the very best work

"The usual crop of New Year Honours"

—at least while the perpetrators thereof are still alive and functioning? Echo answers, with a tinge of supercilious sadness, Nix, or Nothing Doing.

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Sole and only sure method of communicating same to the Great World therefore, being to give them one of those little handles which every true Englishman (and woman), however ignorant and benighted, instinctively reveres. You can write and talk about 'em for years *sans* the very slightest effect, unless of course they happen to be best sellers, and then they get the fame on their own and mostly don't deserve it anyway. Still, of course, the system does fall a little short sometimes, of absolute and complete perfection, and I do hope this time they'll remember just a few more of the writers and artists, and especially the women. Mr. Galsworthy, of course, has refused a title, and Mr. Thomas Hardy of "Tess" fame—and fortune, won't take anything but the O.M. But I should rather like to see, say, Sheila Kaye-Smith made a Baroness in her own right and some of the other women writers of really big books handed out a (feminine of) Knighthood or two.

"A Hun observer"

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Isn't it odd though how black still always continues to survive in *tout ce qu'il y a du plus chic*, spite of the rush there is at the moment for colour and colourful designs, whether it's in the serge and kasha of our morning frocks, or the mauve and green georgettes and chiffons of the evening, the silver and gold tissue dinner dresses, or apricot satin, or rose-pink taffetas that looks like the apotheosis of a blush? For the Riviera, too, which is filling up now in real earnest, everyone's buying mauves and pinks and greens, and even, here and there, a red. While, as for Switzerland, fairly going off the deep end we are to cope with the necessary brightness for that.

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Meanwhile, poor old England, according to Mr. Harvey (of the U.S.), is tottering to her ruin, and poor old

London, if we're to believe a Hun observer, is "becoming stagnant"—apparently because we don't all grin like a dog and run about the city (see Bible) like the Midianites or the Americans, and our traffic doesn't make half as much noise as theirs does. Which is all very lamentable and sad, but, before finally pulling down the shutters, as you might say, and waving to all life's joys a fond farewell, may I just mention that I can't really and truly believe that Imminent and Urgent Doom can be arriving quite by to-morrow morning to a nation that still possesses

(1) The Co-Optimists.

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This is almost, and in fact quite, enough by itself to dispose of aforesaid alien rumours—especially after hearing Mr. Gilbert Childs sing about "The Rich Man Who Drove By In His Carriage," etc. But there are also (2) all the best panto. songs to support us in this theory:—

Tumbledown dreams, tumbledown dreams,
That's all you've left me to care for, it seems,

"Expelling the Bolshie"

says one of these deathless lyrics. Also another, even more pricelessly:—

Yearning just for you,
That's all I do, my dear—
Learning why I'm blue,
I wish that you were near.

And there's heaps and lots more of the same, too, very nearly as bad—good, I mean. Now, tell me, dear cousin, do you think any country that can absorb, assimilate, and, in fact, positively thrive on and dance to suchlike, can be anything but one of the very hardest of nations? Perish the thought, as they say in the old books.

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Also we're expelling gradually by mere moral force (in the best circles) that insidious invasion of Red Russian propaganda, the Bolshie boot. Instead of which there's coming, I hear (from Paris, of course), a new long fur stocking that really *will* be useful for slipping over silk and protecting us from the rigours of the weather even when going out at night to dinners or a dance. Save us perhaps, too, a bit from that awful coughing epidemic which seems to have held the theatres this winter, worse than ever within living memory, within its fell and infuriating grip.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

A POPULAR LESSON IN SHAKESPEARE By M. MacMichael

Some impressions of the recent performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" by the boys of Forest School, Essex. This was the ninth production of this play by the Foresters, who have presented one of Shakespeare's plays each December for the last 60 years, excluding the War years. This year's performance was given with a *verve* which lent considerable truth to the saying that "Down in the Forest (School) something stirred!"

THE RUGGER WORLD

NO MORE SOCCER SCHOOLS?

By "PENDARVES"

At the annual headmasters' conference at Shrewsbury School last week Canon H. A. P. Sawyer, headmaster of Shrewsbury, proposed a resolution expressing concern at the present position of amateur Association football, and the view that a wholesale defection of public schools from Association to Rugby football would be "a national disaster."

Since this momentous and sinister announcement in the Press, THE BYSTANDER has received what is usually described as "a shoal" of correspondence from both the Rugger and Soccer camps, a few of which, for the benefit of posterity, must be reproduced hereunder:—

SIR,—

As one who nearly got his Blue at Oxford in 1874, permit me to point out that this welcome and, as I see, wholesale desertion from the crude and flaccid game they call, somewhat vulgarly, "Soccer," is a most excellent thing for the country in general and for the present generation of public schoolboys in particular. In my young days football *was* football. You may not be aware, Sir—it must have been before your time—that in my day there was no such thing as winning a match on an isolated try. A goal had to be scored, and the scorer *had to fight for it.* In this Association game, as I understand it, never (thank God!) having seen it played, most of the goal scoring is done by a mere flick of the head with the ball—a preposterous and effeminate method of defeating the enemy. The fact is, Sir, we are becoming far too *soft* as a nation. I attribute this entirely (correct me if I am wrong) to the lax methods employed by our headmasters in their training of the young idea to manly forms of athleticism, of which the Rugby game, and all that it implies, is the progenitor. Why, dammit, Sir, I remember when I was a young ensign in the 79th . . . [the rest of this correspondent's letter is irrelevant to the issue.—EDITOR.]

Believe me, Sir,
Faithfully yours,
JAMES HARDIE-CORDITE, Brig.-Gen.
(Black's and The Services Clubs.)

DEAR SIR,—

As an anxious mother of three boys whose names are down for Maltwell School, and who views with a deep and growing concern the brutalising methods of the Rugby game, I entreat you to exercise to your fullest extent "the power of the Press" in an endeavour to crush with an iron hand this insane desire on the part of certain of our totally unsympathetic headmasters to reduce the mentality of England's boys to the level of young animals. I was induced, against my will, by my eldest boy to go with him to Twickenham a few weeks ago to see a Rugby football match. I am not quite sure who the oafs were who played. I rather think it was a team of, so-called, gentlemen styling themselves the Columbine Club against some very suburban young men from Whiteheath. It made me *quite ill* to watch such a public exhibition of brute force and bar-parlour tactics as were displayed *by both sides.* No; let us keep in all our games the memory of the courteous and gallant men of the past who made history like gentlemen rather than behave like Bolsheviks. You may remember the French General in the Peninsular Wars who, coming suddenly upon a Regiment of the Guards, courteously offered *us* the benefit of the first volley. If we could have a little more of this spirit introduced into our school games, England would be a *better country* than she is to-day.

I am, dear Sir, etc.,
MARTHA CUMBERMUCH (widow),
The Haven, Bideford, Devon.

Tower Hill School, Exminster.

DEAR BYSTANDER,—

I am passing out of my Prep. School here next term (thank Hevan!) and am going to RELTON. Do you think there is any chance of their turning over to Rugger? Can you do anything about it? This Soccer is a kid's game—all kick and whistle. I understand from my eldest brother, who is at Uppingham, that you can pay off old scores at Rugger. I wish they would bring it in here before end of term!!

Yours enthusiasstickally,
RUFUS BARGE (Minor).

P.S.—You should see our Head here; my HAT! He won the West of England Chess Tournament. What do you know about THAT?

Miss King's Academy,
Bearsden, N.B.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

All the girls in this school, myself included, want to play Rugger, and they won't let us. WHY? We could beat those flabby Frenchwomen anyhow if they would only let us. All our brothers play Rugger, so why shouldn't we? My eldest brother is in the Hariotts 2nd Fifteen, and he can't put me on the floor when I *really try.* We are all as hard as nails in my House, and very fast (don't misunderstand me), and it is a *shame* girls may not play Rugger. We are *NOT* soft. You should see my mussels in my legs when I dance!

Don't forget to mention this in your articles, I mean about Rugger in girls' schools, not the dancing part.

NANCY MACGAMIN
(a constant reader!).

Sport and General

GETTING IT AWAY

An incident in the international trial match at Bath between Possibles and Probables. It was a forwards' game throughout and resulted in a win for the Possibles, the final scores being two goals and four tries to one goal and three tries.

BY BLAM

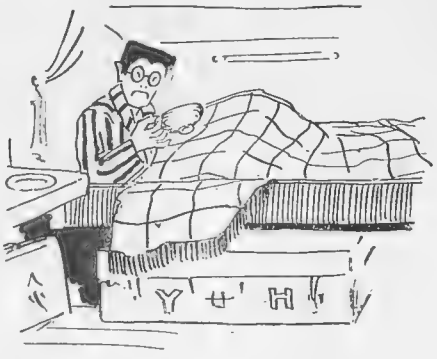
PIERROT'S DREAM OF NEW YEAR "BELLES"

YOGO HAMA'S POSTSCRIPT

[On board the S.O.S. "Grasshopper." Per atmospherics or other suitable sparkings.]

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

I HAD flattered to suppose I should succeed to secure rests and other brain reliefs when I imbarked myself on the maritime waters for good



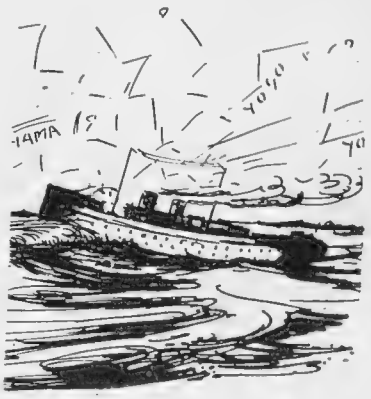
"Study the tea deposits"

recuperationings after my so long and brilliant toils in Fleet Street. But very to the contrary I have suffered bombardings with wireless sparkings from all ¼s of the habituated globe re concerning my healths and other private assets. Then, to make matters more bad as worse, I receive your as follows atmospheric: "Kindly to inform Hon. Bystanders some of your so famous prognostics and other soothings for 1926 per wireless telegraphic."

"Frightful stomach evolutions"

At the moment these words leave my hand for their so long and windy travels, I are enjoying most frightful stomach evolutions and wish to only be defunct or, more better still, to have been entirely non-born. O how much more better it are to be — O!!

— to be a talentless landlubbing person than a scintillating marine *literati* choke full of agonies in the *solar plex* or other non-mentionable spots. I cannot help to think the sea was invent to adequately punish man for his so wicked sins and to make him feel only a worm or suchly proletarian insect in the bud. O, I begroan, where are his pride, arrogants, and other earthly pomps, when he finds himself to be turning insides-out so that he grows to become only filled with gusts and suchly windy and nourishless perks? All so well then. I — ! ! !



"Bombardings with sparkings"

— prognose that this hemisphere shall end with an enormous bang on or about Dec. 30-rd., at p.m with catastrophics, cataclysmics, holocaustics, quakings, and other horrorifics too innumerous and bloodcurdlish to adumbrate. This awful imbusting will be follow by combats, shootings, strikings, floodings, and plaguings; there will be a very frightful slaughter of editors on the 32-st., who will be first mulct of their bloodthirstish cashes and then thrown to the dogs. (Ha, ha, this causes you to tremble for fear, I wager to bet!) Indeedly, I have not ever witnessed to see more awful prognostics for 1926, especially for persons on *terra firma* who flatter to suppose they are more safe as houses or other gold-edged stockings. But more frightful, more harrowish, more horrorific than even the abovely selected catastrophics—(O, I are feeling to again become non-well.)

! — *** ? ! !

(Later.) The sea are now grown more calm as a windmill pond. O how sweetish it are to feast 1's gazes upon these so pure and beautiful waters where only man is dust. How sorry I are for all the landlubbing persons who are wearishly padding their hoofs in the so muddy and fragrantless streets. We are drawing more nearer to Arabia every minute and alreadily its luscious smells strike my nose. How tasteful and *exquis*, I rhapsode, are the little juvenine waves with their pretty froths; the infantine cloudlets with fleece so white as snow; the ozonized breezes which inflate us with peps, vims and other hygienic blessings. And now, dear Hon. Sir, I shall send you my specially prepared 1926 prognostics. (All previous prognostics and soothings herewithly cancellated.) I have assiduously made study the tea deposits in my cup for good omens and lucky stars with the as follows happy dividends:

Affairs in 1926 will speedishly move for the better, so that before not so very long persons who are now plunged in blues will emerge to become more happy and gay as larks or other pudding birds. 1926 are chock with assets like as good trades, more cheaper divorcings and moting cars, enormous exportings and more higher remunerations for *literatis* and suchly deserving persons, also lucrative pensionings for their advanced years. Hon. British Empire will become a more household word as ever and the

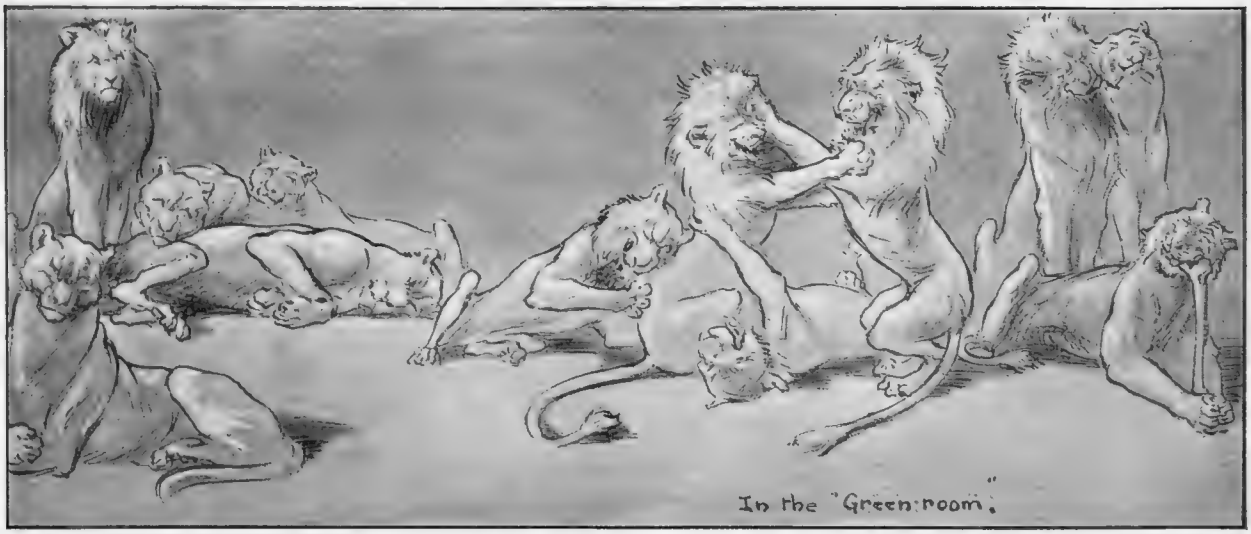
"Enemy persons become friends"

sun will continue to non-set on it more assiduously even as hithertoly. I also prognose enormous good lucks for Hon. Bystanders, masc and femn, who will succeed to put their shirts on innumerous winning gees at very lucrative odds to 1. I prognose that Hon. Editor shall—alasly, the cup grows dark. Almost I fear—no, no, it cannot be! O, this are more awful as a convulsion! I cannot

(Continued on page 1030)

"1926 are chock with assets"

Daniel Up-to-Date



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Mr. Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia this year consists—as usual—entirely of "lions," whether they be equestriennes, acrobats or clowns. It being quite impossible to show all the "lions" on one page, we portray some of the four-footed ones, under the tutorship of Captain Alfred. He enters the ring armed with nothing but his personality. His seventy lions are literally pets—wherein lies the secret of his safety

suffice to read any more in case I swoon for horrors!

Should it not be a very pious and ecclesiastical deed to make good resolvings for the new year of 1926? Very

"A so sweet cherub"

indeedly and a 1,000 times yes, so that we may grow to possess loving hearts full of human kindness milk like as Boy Scouts who live to only perform 1 good deed per diem. How sweetish millennium it shall be when enemy persons become friends, like as police-bobs and motists who will enclasp each others hands for Old Langs Sign. O yes. How luscious it shall be, I engurgle, when Hon. Spring Poet succeeds to ejacule his poetics to Hon. Editor without suffering to be propelled at enormous *m's.p.h.* down the stairs, but very to the contrary is reward with a cigar at per 2/6 and some kind words in lieu—are not that a beautiful dream?

But I have more better soothings as that in my cup. In this so luckful and epochal year of 1926, we shall witness to observe that Capital and Labour discover to find they have hearts which beat as 1 and will love to only bandy good deeds to each others like as if it was the end of the world or suchly theological catastrophic. (This so happy state of conditions are non-dubitably due enormously to the so great and good influents of a famous and world-wide *literati* which I would more rather be eschewed by wild horses than mention, because of my so extreme modesties.—Y.H.) In this so glorious year we shall enjoy to find the Strand are not dug up more as twice per monthly, that skirts

"So beautiful dream"

"Hearts which beat as 1"

will grow to become more shorter still (Banzai!), Oxford bags will be *non est*, the weather will be more beautiful as a halcyon and innumerous other countless blessings.

And kindly to non-forget a so sweet cherub who flits up aloft and wishes to all Hon. Bystanders a bright and happy new 1926 and enormous numbers of them. Hoping, Hon. Sir, this arrives to you safely per the atmospherics, I still continue to remain

Yours Hama

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

HOW TO PLAY BAD HANDS

"Why don't some of you Bridge writers tell us what to do with bad hands? We all know what to do with good cards." A club player made this remark to me.

I don't agree that we all know what to do with good cards, and the difficulty about writing on bad hands is that there is so little to be said about them.

There are, of course, degrees of badness. Some hands are so hopeless that nothing can be done with them either in calling or play. But there are the bad doubtful hands which have a certain value either for risky calling or support of partner, and these frequently afford great perplexities.

A very sound player once remarked to me: "I make £1,000 a year by saying 'No bid.'" What he meant was that he refrained from bidding or supporting on doubtful hands. The result was, as he said, that he lost small rubbers and won big ones.

. . . . . .

The card-sharper who can manipulate the cards to suit his purposes will not deal "the mug" a bad hand. He will give him a good-looking hand which will tempt him to bid. There are worse things that can happen to one at Bridge than a succession of thoroughly bad hands to oneself and partner. A series of good hands with nothing in one's partner's is far worse. Big rubbers are not as a rule lost on bad hands. They are lost on those which are good but not good enough.

. . . . . .

The first lesson to learn when you hold bad cards is *silence*. Don't be tempted to bid or to support your partner on nothing, whatever the state of the score, just to save the rubber. It is the most costly experiment.

On doubtful hands, such as where you hold a suit, King, Jack, 10, high, also pass. There is no more dangerous bid than with a suit headed by these combinations, and it can only be justified if you hold two quick tricks (two Aces or their equivalents) outside it, and then it ceases to be a bad hand.

I saw a player call a Diamond on King, 10 to six, and without another court card in his hand. It was a wicked call, and it landed him in deserved disaster.

. . . . . .

Another type of bad hand is six or even seven to the Queen and no outside support. This is the type of hand that ought never to be called originally, and not later unless your partner has made a bid.

But I have seen a player call "three Clubs" on seven to the Queen, and argue it was a good call. He had Ace, King, Jack, out somewhere against him, and even if he found his partner with a couple of honours and a couple of tricks outside he could not hope to make his call.

On the other side it must be remembered that a bad hand may be of great use in support. Here is a case: S—x. H—10, 9, x, x, x. D—None. C—J, 10, x, x, x, x, x.

Now, there is a bad hand on which no player ought to think of opening his mouth at all unless his partner bids Hearts or Clubs. But as a support for Hearts or Clubs it is a very valuable hand. The five, or seven trumps, the singleton, and the absence of Diamonds render it one on which the holder would be justified in raising his partner two or three times against a Spade or Diamond or No-Trumps bid.

. . . . . .

Don't, therefore, argue that a bad hand is necessarily worthless for support, although it may be for bidding yourself. Remember shortness or bareness in a suit called by your adversaries and when you hold several of your partner's suit, may be just as valuable as if your hand contained a couple of Aces.

Don't be discouraged by a succession of bad hands. They will pass, and your turn for holding the stuff will come round. And don't, above all, give away the badness of your hand as so many players are prone to do. It is often of the greatest assistance to the adversaries, and it is very discouraging for your partner.

Let your deportment be the same when your hand is bad as when it is good.

1627

The Fleming Jacobite

To Johnson his Boswell, to Charles I his Van Dyck. Boswell presents to us the Doctor in his habit as he lived; of the "fair and fatal" Stuart, "perfidious on principle," Sir Anthony Van Dyck made the Martyr King.

They say Sir Anthony painted no fewer than thirty-six portraits of his royal patron. His method is interesting. He would make a small sketch in chalk or oils for his assistants to copy on the required scale; they would advance the picture so far as their skill permitted: for the master himself remained only the painting of the features and the hands.

Van Dyck came to England to paint the portrait of Henrietta Maria in 1627—the year of the first distilling of John Haig. His work has come down to us through the centuries as the most consummate expression of the portraitist's art: John Haig is renowned throughout the world to-day as the nonpareil among Scotch whiskies.

By Appointment

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies

Issued by JOHN HAIG & CO., Ltd. (Incorporating Haig & Haig, Ltd.), DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, and KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU

THE TURN COAT

In addition to his gifts, Father Christmas, it seems, had to carry also an extensive personal wardrobe, so that he could dress appropriately to the various climates he visited when on his lightning world tour on Christmas Eve. How does he manage to effect all these quick changes in such a short space of time?

FEMINA

ABOUT SNOW

By "CANDIDA"

IT'S snowing. Nothing unusual about that; the authorities this year have been prodigal with their winter effects. Our green little island might have been Iceland this last month or two, so lavishly have they piled on the Arctic breezes, the blizzards, and frozen ponds and things. Some of us like it; but I've been thinking fondly of Palm Beach, where people can still sun themselves on golden sands in the last word in bathing suits—according to the pictures. There's nothing like the thought of a summer's day while you're shivering over the fire; it's summer with the heat and the glare and the mosquitoes left out of it; a summer where roses grow no thorns, and every girl's a perfect peach—a way they have in dreams.

MEANWHILE, the snow in London is coming down in large white flakes—how else should it come down, now that I come to think of it? Flakes that are really crystal stars reminding one of the country of Andersen's fairy tales. But the poetry of it all melts into slush which cumbers the streets, slush that the 'buses skid in, and the horses slither and slip in, and the pedestrian jogs through square-toed and resigned, when he's a man, and treads airily in pink silk stockings and *suède* slippers, when he isn't. I'm always ashamed of the snow in London except first thing in the morning, when it lies whitely beautiful on the roofs opposite, and covers the pavement with a dazzling velvet coverlet, and wraps even this grimy city in a mantle of white purity and a calm stillness belonging to a world beyond the stars. But the snow is wasted on London the moment it wakes up to business. There ought to be some method in the dispensations of Providence. Why should it rain alike on the just and the unjust, and snow equally in the country where the snow rests like a blessing of new white beauty on everything, and in town where it's nothing but a nuisance and a bore?

WE'RE making a cult of this snow business. Such lots of people are off every year to the snow's own country, where it spreads itself from October to June, and where they're hurt and much annoyed if it doesn't. Because in the snow's own country snow isn't a regrettable part of the climate; it *is* the climate; it's everywhere; it's the earth you tread on and the icy air you breathe. To it is due all the fun of the fair and the danger without which there wouldn't be any fun. It's the first asset of the native—not that we ever think of him. He's submerged in his hotel, dwarfed by his mountains, and forgotten in the good time which he gives us—in return, of course, for what needn't be mentioned here.

LAST winter I went to St. Moritz. A few weeks of mountain air are such a help, the doctor people say. I tried to make friends with the snow which I'd never liked, except as a scenic effect, and even then I thought it obvious, too much like an old-fashioned Christmas card to please those of us who can't see any virtue in anything Victorian, not even in the dependable weather they kept in the bad old days.

IN ACTION

Frank Graham and Barbara, who are now appearing at the Empress Rooms. They have returned recently from the Riviera and Paris, where they have been delighting people by their clever dancing

MISS VERA K. MULHOLLAND

Whose father, the late Mr. J. B. Mulholland, was well known in theatrical circles. Miss Mulholland is a singer of promise who will make her debut next spring

Too much whiteness gets on one's nerves, thought I, instead of getting over them, which only proves that I'd seen the snow without seeing it. In its own country I seldom saw it blankly white. At dawn it shimmered coldly blue with purple shadows. In the evening, below a pale-green sky, streaked with russet and gold, it shone pink, a blushing, iridescent pink which an enterprising manufacturer person would have given worlds to reproduce in satin. And the snowy peaks that reared their heights into the boundless blue were seldom white. I saw them elusively grey at dawn, like phantoms seen through smoke. I saw them glowing orange and golden at sunrise, as if suddenly touched by a painter's magic brush. I saw them turn mauve at sunset, the pinkish mauve of a flower whose name escapes me; and I saw them flaming red just before their glory vanished into darkness, and it was time to get out one's fur coats and things. Snow in its own country is a miracle of beauty, a very different matter from the sort that's barely tolerated, except by the children and a few grown-ups who've got excellent constitutions and no imagination.

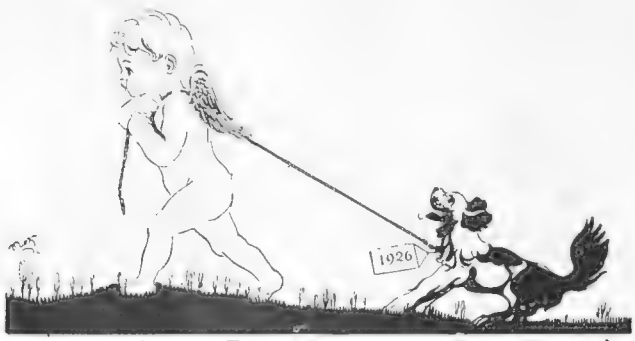
BETTY MACMILLAN *Rita Martin*

The wife of Mr. Daniel Macmillan a member of the publishing firm of that name. She recently gave a song recital before a large audience at the Wigmore Hall and received an enthusiastic reception

A white street in the process of becoming a black one is a hideous thing. But the roof of the house opposite lightly powdered with diamond dust reminds me of the cheery days when the same sight made my small greedy self think with joy of the sifted sugar on my Christmas cake. For somehow it always snowed, and froze, and did all the proper things, in the winters of one's early youth. All my Christmas mornings began with giant ferns on the window pane and the powdery snow on the ledge on which sparrows left the marks of their claws, before the round red sun got up far too late in the morning and lit up one's treasure—the pink sweets in a bottle, and the new box of chocolates, and a regiment of large lumpy parcels with raptures undreamt-of.

S

I'm wondering if they feel as we did, the babies whose world has been made too perfect for them to be perfect. It's only the middle-aged who're romantic nowadays, the middle-aged who care whether it snows in winter, and whether the atmosphere is still the old atmosphere. . . . But this is inexcusable, and the only reason I can trump up for reminiscencing is that it's the end of the year, and if you're not dancing it out you must be thinking it out. Of the two I think I prefer the dancing. Candida.



A DOGGY NEW YEAR

WOMEN VETS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

The doggy community, human and canine, stands well for a happy New Year. Those authorities who have prophesied that the year beginning next Friday will prove the busiest and most prosperous that British Dogdom has known are on pretty safe ground. The remarkable growth and progress achieved during each of the post-war years—starting from the melancholy zero of the rationing—taken in conjunction with to-day's reports from our leading kennels, the unexampled present prestige of British Dogs in foreign countries, and the Kennel Club's registration figures for the past six months, make it fairly safe betting that all previous records will be eclipsed in 1926, and that, however things may tend in other quarters, Dogdom will flourish mightily in the year to come. So mote it be!

With best *salaams*, "The Kennelman" offers a New Year suggestion to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. This is that a new diploma and degree should be instituted exclusively for canine (or, if desired, for canine and feline) surgery. It is undeniable that canine surgery now forms a large and important part of the practice of many veterinary surgeons; that it provides a substantial proportion of their incomes. It would be a boon to the Dog-owning community responsible for this ever-growing practice and revenue if the special qualifications it demands could be vouched for by a special diploma and degree. That is one vital point. Another is that the institution of such a degree would attract valuable recruits to the profession; and, especially, that it would give us some first-rate, officially qualified women canine doctors. The veterinary care of cattle and horses does present severe difficulties to women. Not so the treatment of Dogs, or of cats, birds, etc. It is probably safe to say that to-day one half the army of Dog breeders and exhibitors in Britain consists of women. Many of them are admirably qualified for, and feel strongly drawn toward Dog doctoring, but have no ambitions in the direction of farm and stable surgery. The two points are worth considering: the provision of official guarantee of specialist canine knowledge in the case of practising veterinary surgeons, and the official opening up of the Dog-doctoring profession to women.

We all know that the British quarantine regulations governing the importation of Dogs into this country press hardly upon individual Dog owners, as, for instance, those coming home on long leave, and those retiring from foreign service. But they are held to be necessary to guard against the real and deadly peril of bringing rabies into the country, and their enforcement does not cause a tithe of the hardship that comes with canine disease, muzzling orders, etc. Hence "The Kennelman" has no use for would-be Dog smugglers, no matter what their motives, and declines to furnish them with any other advice (requests for it are frequent) than this: Apply to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 4, Whitehall Place, S.W.1, for full information, including list of agents, etc. So far as would-be buyers of Dogs are concerned, "The Kennelman" would only add that, even in breeds of foreign origin, British-bred Dogs are indubitably and always the best for British fanciers. This axiom applies as surely to Salukis and Alsatians, Griffons and Elkhounds, as to Bulldogs; and its truth is readily admitted by many leading foreign authorities.

Indulgence is craved from correspondents on the subject of the growth of nervous diseases among Dogs. Not neglect, but lack of space delays reference in this place, and postal advice in individual cases is too risky. Expert veterinary examination is essential. A fifty-fifty mixture of cod-liver oil and Parrish is good up-building stuff. Doggy companionship and care without cosseting are good for shyness. Your Dog needs watching, but don't let him *feel* you watching him, especially in the presence of others of his ilk.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE

Commences Wednesday, December 30th, and continues for four weeks

Wonderful Bargains in High-Grade Goods

Practical Cami-Knicker (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de Chine, trimmed hem-stitching, finished at top and hem with hem-stitched folds, shoulder-straps in self crepe.

Sale Price 21/9

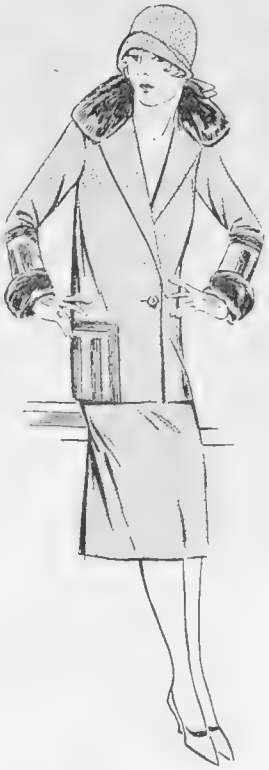
In several good lingerie colours.

"Adelaide."

Attractive Tea Dance Frock composed of Irene lace and georgette to tone, over a slip of crepe de Chine, the tunic is gauged at waist giving the impetus to the long V-front and lace cape at back. In Mushroom, Sand, Nigger, Beige, Black.

Special Price £5 19 6

Reduced to 98/6



20 Only. Small Women's Fur-Trimmed Tailor-Made Velour Coats and Skirts, in various designs of which sketch, trimmed Marmot fur and finished with stitching, is an example. In many good colours. In three sizes.

Usual Prices **6½** to **10½ Guineas**

Sale Price 59/6

Attractive Coat Frock in good quality Rep, bodice with collar and vest in wool marocain, and full skirt finished with embroidery to match front of bodice. In Black, Navy and a good range of colours.

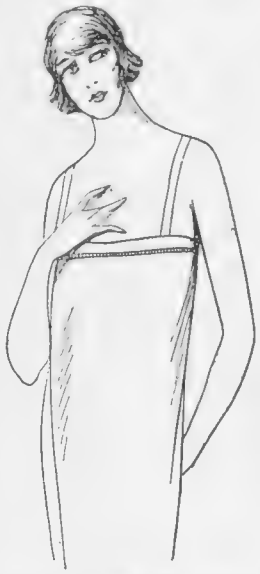
Usual Price **8½ Guineas**

Sale Price 6½ Guineas.

Model Coat in rich Brown Velveteen with inserted godets of handsome embroidery to tone, finished with large Roll Collar, Cuffs and Flounce of shaded American Opossum Fur.

Original Price **53½ Guineas**

Sale Price 35 Guineas.



Ladies' Good Quality Pure Silk Milanese Vests, excellent value, opera shape (as sketch). Plain finish: White, Pink, Cyclamen, Mauve, Green, Suede, Black.

Sale Price 12/9

20 Model Jumpers of which sketch is a typical example and is composed of rich striped Ottoman silk with vest and collars of tan cloth, two distinctive pockets; others of crepe de Chine and georgette.

Prices **5½ Guineas** and **98/6**

Sale Price 29/6

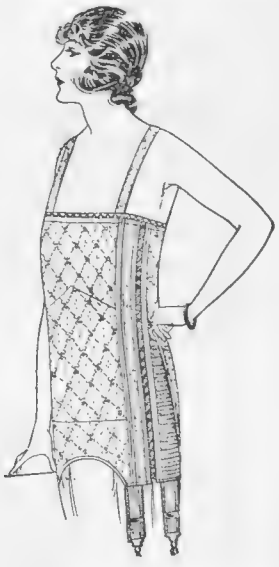
Petticoat as sketch made in artificial Milanese silk that has the appearance and suppleness of the real and is excellent for wear. Colours: Black, White, Grey, Mole, Tan, Beaver.

Usual Price **25/9**

Sale Price 20/-

Child's Knitted Wool Coat good quality yarn colours: Sky, White, Reseda, Saxe and Biscuit. Sizes 1 to 4 years.

Sale Price 10/6



This Combined Bodice and Hip Confiner has an adjustable elastic lacing each side of front. Sizes 34 to 42

Usual Price **35/6**

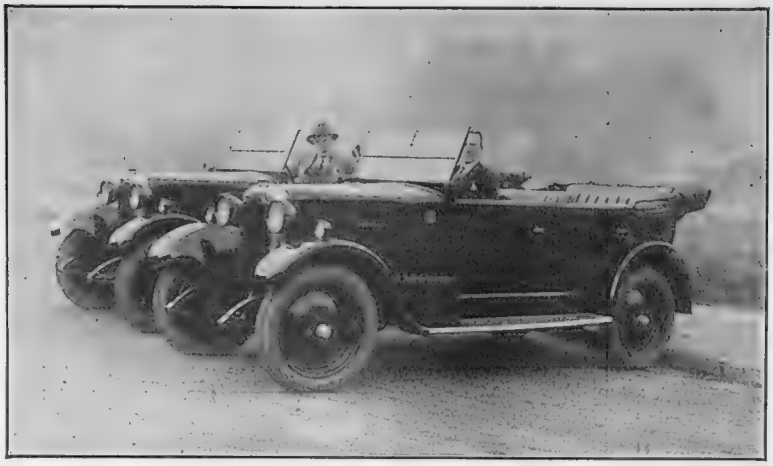
Sale Price 21/6

REMNANT DAY THURSDAY

Sale Catalogue post free. Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, Oxford St., & Vere St., London, W.1. (Debenhams Ltd.)

MOTOR NOTES



AWAITING TRIAL

Two "Super" model 9-20 h.p. Rover cars, which competed in the London to Exeter trial on Monday and Tuesday, December 28th and 29th. They were driven by Messrs. D. H. Noble and W. H. Chadwick.

TO-MORROW, the 31st inst., all car licences automatically expire. The new licences may be taken out before expiry of the old ones. Most motorists, however, leave it until the last moment before applying for a new licence, which results in a tremendous rush of work on the licensing authorities. A certain period of grace is allowed by the licensing authorities—namely, fourteen days, but, legally, all licences should be renewed on January 1. Motorists applying for a renewal of their licences should remember to take their registration books with them.

***

RUGBY football enthusiasts will be interested to hear that the Rugby Union has arranged with the Royal Automobile Club to carry out the car parking at Twickenham for all important matches this season. The new system was inaugurated at the Oxford and Cambridge match, when the 1,400 cars which were present were all clear of the ground in under an hour. On the advice of the R.A.C., a house standing at the south end of the ground has been pulled down, and the authorities hope that this will greatly facilitate the arrival and departure of motor traffic.

***

MANY car owners are also enthusiastic motor-boat owners. Few Londoners realise that almost within their midst lies one of the finest yacht basins in this country. This basin, or dock, is situated on the Thames at Chiswick, and hitherto has been known as Cubitt's Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Ltd. These premises have now, however, been taken over by that enterprising body of yachtsmen, the British Motor Boat Club, who propose to develop it in the interests of the Club and the sport generally. The term dock is in this instance somewhat misleading, as one is apt to imagine a dreary pool surrounded by walls and warehouses, whereas the dock in question might more accurately be described as a lake partly bordered by trees, with picturesque surroundings.

***

AN aviation engine built by the Fiat Co., of Turin, has recently passed some very searching Italian Government tests. This engine, which is of the twelve-cylinder "V" type, with a direct driven propeller, met all the preliminary requirements of the Italian Government tests, and considerably exceeded those requirements in the matter of weight, power output and fuel and oil economy. The Fiat engine developed 430 h.p. at 2,200 r.p.m., while its weight was in the neighbourhood of 700 lb. The engine was running continuously for seventy-five hours. As a result of these trials the Fiat aviation engine has been accepted with an international horse-power of 410 at 2,060 r.p.m.

***

THE comfort of the saloon type of car makes an increasing appeal to the motorist, and the number on the road grows daily, particularly in the case of the lighter type of body. The Wolseley 11-22 h.p. saloon is a case in point, and is proving one of the most popular cars introduced by this firm, not only as a small town car, but also for touring purposes, owing to its lightness and speed. With the new body which is now being fitted it will make an even stronger appeal. It is built wider than before, and the interior is very roomy. Front bucket seats are fitted, of the independent adjustable type, which give plenty of leg-room to the rear passengers. Four doors are fitted, the near side front having a private lock, whilst the other three have inside catches. The front glass slopes backwards and is of the metal-framed double-panelled type. The price of this attractive little car is £335.

***

THE year 1926 may prove of very great importance to motorists. There is a distinct possibility that a new Road Act will come into force which may abolish the old 20 m.p.h. speed limit, and which may include increased penalties for dangerous driving. Prophets also state that there may be some modification as regards the taxation of cars. One forecast is that higher taxation will be placed on the "luxury cars," while another is that a system of taxation will be adopted which will tax more the use than the ownership of a car. More than 200,000 new cars may be expected on the road next year, with the consequent accentuation of the traffic problem. The various bodies which are concerned in the control of traffic will therefore have ample opportunity to put their theories into practice in the New Year!

***

ALTHOUGH of comparatively recent introduction, the Citroën very quickly established itself as one of the world's most popular cars. Quite apart from the versatile personality of its patron, M. André Citroën, the car itself attracted universal attention for the excellence of its manufacture and the lowness of its cost and running charges. Progress is always taking place in the Citroën works, and in the words of a compatriot of the manufacturer of these cars: "Every day, in every way, they get better and better."

***

AS regards its running, the Citroën gave every promise of a most satisfactory performance, when it had been "gentled" into condition. Even in its raw state it was a good hill-climber, had a satisfactory turn of speed on the level, and really powerful brakes. What most impressed me, among a number of good features, was the extraordinarily complete equipment. I had the 11.4 h.p. four-seater (with English body), and this, to quote only a few things, had electric lighting and starting, five electric lamps, an electric horn, five detachable disc wheels, five low-pressure tyres, an automatic windscreen wiper, shock-absorbers, a dashboard clock, speedometer, etc. And all this for £210!

GEORGE C. STEAD.

STRICT PURDAH

The elaborate Purdah arrangements which were made at Bombay when the Maharanee of Patiala landed from the liner, "California" on her return from England. The Rolls Royce car is one of a fleet owned by the Maharajah of Patiala.

THE
BYSTANDER
116-117, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

No. 1,152—Vol. LXXXVIII. Wednesday, December 30, 1925

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Regent 7500.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS,
20. ST. JAMES' SQUARE. S.W.I.

Branches: Wimbledon 'Phone 8 | Hampstead 'Phone 2727

CLOSE TO QUAINT OLD VILLAGE NEAR GUILDFORD

Price Freehold £6,500. Possession on Completion.

INTERESTING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, recently modernised and in beautiful order. The House enjoys an extremely picturesque and secluded position amidst delightful surroundings. Hall, 3 reception rooms, complete offices, with servants' hall, 2 maids' bedrooms and bath, 6 masters' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Company's water and gas. Telephone.

CAPITAL GARAGE, WITH TWO ROOMS FOR MAN.

The Grounds, a feature of the property, are quite exceptional.

Wonderful and extensive rock garden, magnificent herbaceous borders, tennis and croquet lawns, garden room with rose and Dutch gardens, pergola, and kitchen garden, cottages. Most highly recommended from personal knowledge.

Sole Agents:
—HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (S.34568)

ONLY £3,000 FREEHOLD. OPEN TO AN OFFER.

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.

500ft. up. Close to open and rural country.

14 MILES FROM METROPOLIS.

MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, drive approach, hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, dressing-room, bathroom, usual offices.

Garage. Glasshouses and Outbuildings.

Prettily displayed and heavily-timbered pleasaunce of over 1¼ ACRES.

Company's water, gas and electric light. Main drainage.

Particulars from the Agents.
—HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

PRICE £2,100 FREEHOLD.

MIDDLESEX.

Six minutes from station and under a mile from the River.

A CHOICE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, containing: 4 or 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, drawing room, living room (25×14ft.), and compact offices.

Good repair. Company's electric light. Main drainage. Telephone.

LOVELY LITTLE GARDEN, including secluded lawn, herbaceous borders, rosery, crazy paving.

Agents,
—HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1

PRICE ONLY £3,750.

HERTS.

Close to Rural Market Town.

TO BE SOLD or would be let Unfurnished, a very compact and attractive little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 4 ACRES, together with a comfortable two-floor residence of real country-house type, admirably situated, with carriage drive, hall, 4 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath, 2 staircases.

Company's water and gas Main drainage.

Buildings for garage and stabling. Old-fashioned shady grounds, capital kitchen garden, and paddock.

NOTE.—This little place is full of possibilities, and after a little expenditure would form an ideal little COUNTRY HOUSE for people of moderate means.—Agents,

—HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

QUIET AND HEALTHY POSITION AT

WOKING.

Close to several Golf Courses

£3,700 WILL ACQUIRE

AN ARTISTIC MODERN RESIDENCE, which is remarkable value, one mile from station; 7 bed and dressing rooms, delightful reception rooms and very pleasant loggia and good offices.

Features

Two baths. Sandy soil. Electric light and power.
Independent hot water supply

Fascinating garden of nearly THREE-QUARTERS OF AN ACRE. COMPACT AND EASILY WORKED.

Inspected and recommended.—Apply SOLE AGENTS,
—HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (S.33358)

Hairdressing Artistry

THE PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS now spaciously extended, afford tacit recognition that an environment of the utmost comfort and sympathy is no less important than the supreme artistry of the hairdresser.

An atmosphere of restful efficiency is the dominating note of Salons replete in every detail.

	£	s.	d.
Shampoo		2	0
Cut, Singe and Shampoo		3	6
Waving		2	0
Water Waving Natural Wavy or Permanently Waved Head		3	6
Shampoo and Water Wave		5	0
Shampoo and Marcel Wave		4	0
Shingling, First time		5	6
Shingling, Subsequently		3	6

Permanent Waving

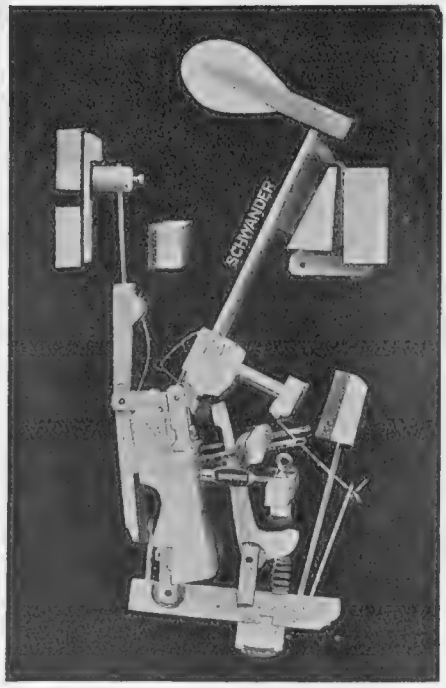
Full Head	£5 : 5 : 0
Half Head	£3 : 3 : 0
Side Pieces	£1 : 5 : 0

PHYLLIS EARLE Salons

15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1 (*Near Selfridge's*)
Special Appointment, 'phone *Mayfair 3798*

PERFECTION OF TOUCH

A Piano can be only as good as the action it contains.
Have you given a thought to the wonderful mechanism of the Pianoforte action by which the depression of the keys of a piano finds its immediate response in sound?



The touch and tone of your piano depend entirely on the action it contains.

The finest Pianos in the world are all-British.

Almost all British Pianos contain the finest actions in the world, the

"SCHWANDER" or "BROOKS"

which ensure

Durability, Instant Response, Unfailing Repetition, Richness of Tone,

and, above all,

PERFECTION OF TOUCH

Insist on a "Schwander" or "Brooks" action in the Piano you buy.

Illustrated Brochure will be sent on application to:

HERRBURGER, BROOKS, LTD.,
31, Lyme St., Camden Town, London, N.W.1
Sole Manufacturers for Great Britain and Colonies.

The BYSTANDER
Xmas Number, 1925
On Sale at all Bookstalls
Price 2/-

A cultivated taste in cigarettes demands MELACHRINO

MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette sold the world over"

M. MELACHRINO & CO., LTD., 11 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

SIR NEVILE WILKINSON'S

TITANIA'S PALACE

THE WONDERFUL DOLLS' HOUSE

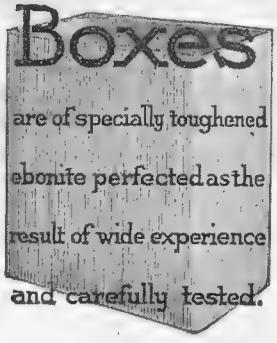
Opened by H.M. The Queen, and first exhibited in 1922, now on view at

Messrs. Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., Queen's Road, W.2.

Hours 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Daily.

Admission 1/- - Children 6d.

IN AID OF THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.



Exide
The Long-Life Battery
Obtainable from Traders Everywhere.

No. 4 of a series of advertisements by THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE Co., Ltd.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

January LINEN SALE

IRISH LINEN SHEETS

B301. Unusual value in bleached Irish linen sheets, heavy make. Good serviceable quality for general use.

2 × 3 yds.	(single bed)	per pair 33/9
2 × 3½ „		„ 38/9
2½ × 3 „	(double bed)	„ 41/9

Hemstitched Sheets, same quality as above

2 × 3 yds.	(single bed)	per pair 36/-
2 × 3½ „		„ 41/3
2½ × 3 „	(double bed)	„ 44/9

LINEN PILLOW CASES

B302. Extraordinary value in plain Irish linen pillow cases, made with soft linen buttons. Splendid wearing qualities.

20 × 30 ins.	each 2/9
Also in a finer quality	„ 3/3

LINEN TABLE CLOTHS

B303. A splendid line which we are offering at **LESS THAN HALF PRICE.** Factory surplus. Bleached Irish linen double damask tablecloths with napkins to match (one design only).

72 × 72 ins.	each 16/6
72 × 90 „	„ 20/6
72 × 108 „	„ 24/9

Linen Damask Napkins

22 × 22 ins.	6 for 8/6
24 × 24 „	6 „ 10/6

Send for Sale List No. 44T, which shows a full range of Sale Bargains. Sent post free. Carriage paid, 20/- upwards in the U.K. Delivery Guaranteed.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.
Linen Manufacturers
BELFAST

Telegrams: "Estate," c/o Harrods, London. **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: { Sloane 1234 / Byfleet 149

ESTATE AGENTS 62 & 64, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and at West Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

CARSHALTON BEECHES.

25 Minutes rail. High Ground. Beautiful Rural Surroundings.

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE on two floors only, in splendid order and with all conveniences.

Lounge hall, 2 recepton rooms, 4 bedrooms, tiled bathroom. Offices.

Electric light. Telephone. Gas. Co.'s water. Main drainage. Garage.

GOOD GARDENS with sunk tennis lawn, vegetable garden, etc.

FREEHOLD £2,250.

Vacant possession.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

BUSINESS MAN'S IDEAL HOME.

35 minutes from Town.

Splendid train service, in a district noted for open common lands and excellent golf links.

DELIGHTFUL LABOUR-SAVING RESIDENCE. Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms (two, 18 x 16ft.), 6 bedrooms, bathroom.

Co.'s water. Electric light. Gas. Telephone. Main drainage.

Exceedingly pretty gardens of about 1 ACRE.

3,000 GUINEAS.

HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

£1,950.

HERTFORDSHIRE HILLS.

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, convenient for station, and about 40 miles from Town. Hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, offices.

Good water supply. Garage. Stabling. Outbuildings.

BEAUTIFULLY MATURED GROUNDS,

Tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, in all about 1¾ ACRES.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

ROEHAMPTON CLUB.
(Close.)

Conveniently situated off Upper Richmond Road, near Barnes, Wimbledon and Putney Commons.

CHARMING DETACHED RESIDENCE, well constructed, in first-rate order, with large well-stocked and matured garden, tennis lawn, flower, kitchen garden, outer and inner lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room. bathroom and offices.

Electric Light. Telephone. Room for Garage.

PRICE £3,250.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

ASHDOWN FOREST.

CHARMING OLD SUSSEX RESIDENCE with wealth of oak beams, open fireplaces and other features.

Fine position, about 500ft. above sea level.

Three reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, offices.

Stabling. Garage. Cottage.

SECLUDED GARDENS AND GROUNDS,

and tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden and pastureland, in all about 9 ACRES. Golf course, 1 mile.

LOW PRICE £2,700.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

DORKING AND GUILDFORD.

Facing Village Green.

ONLY £1,800.

OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, part 200 years old. Hall, 3 reception, 5 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, offices.

Co.'s Water and Gas. Main Drainage.

CHARMING PLEASURE GROUNDS.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

Winter Sale

EST. 1766

# of WALPOLES' FAMOUS HOUSEHOLD LINENS

Commences Dec. 31st and will continue throughout January.

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN OPPORTUNITY

OUR Sale is a great event for discriminating housewives. For this reason. We genuinely reduce our prices, but maintain the high quality.

The Bargains we now offer are, if possible, bigger than ever. A visit to our stores or a perusal of our sale catalogue will convince you that now is the right time to buy all your linen requirements. Every bargain is guaranteed by our 160 years reputation.

No. 21
"Rose Trail"

LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS AND NAPKINS

No. 21 SALE PRICES

Cloths	Each	Cloths	Each
2 × 2 yds.	- 15/-	2½ × 2½ yds.	- 25/-
2 × 2½ ,,	- 18/9	2½ × 3 ,,	- 30/-
2 × 3 ,,	- 22/6	2½ × 3½ ,,	- 35/-
Napkins		2½ × 4 ,,	- 40/-
20 × 20 ins.	15/- doz.	25 × 25 ins.	23/6 doz.

We pay Carriage within the British Isles.

FRENCH LINEN SHEETS

Hemstitched, but unlaundered. Being slightly under-bleached they are most durable.

Large Single Beds. 2¼ × 3½ yds. **42/-** pair

Ordinary Double Beds. 2½ × 3½ yds. **52/6** ,,

TWILLED COTTON SHEETS

DEPENDABLE QUALITY

Hemmed. Size 2 × 3 yds. For Single Beds.
No. H.B. Herringbone Twill or No. P.T. Plain Twill.
SALE PRICE .. .. **15/-** pair

PLAIN LINEN PILLOW CASES

Heavy quality, well made, strong and hard wearing, Each finished to button. Size 20 × 30 ins. SALE PRICE **2/6**

FACE TOWELS

No. 45. Reliable Quality Damask Bordered Diaper.
Pure Linen with Hemstitched ends. Size 22 × 40 in.
SALE PRICE per doz. **29/6**

WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS
The finest the world produces.

OUR SALE CATALOGUE will be sent post free on request.

175-176 SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1 89-90 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1 108-110 KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8

WINTER SPORTS

Unending interest and fun ensured for your friends and for yourself by the

BELL-HOWELL "FILMO"

Cine Camera

All the delightful times in store for you this Xmas, at home or abroad, can be enjoyed over and over again. There is nothing complicated about it. Just follow the fun with the camera, press the button and everything is recorded perfectly.

PRICE £51

The Bell-Howell Projector for showing own films in the home **£54.**
Complete outfit, camera and projector **£105**
Also the new Ciné Kodak and Baby Ciné (Pathé) Cameras and Projectors.

Wallace Heaton

Ciné Specialists, Ltd.
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.1
'Phone: May air 4422 | 'Grams: Zodellaria, Wesdo, London

"Nature alone won't wave the hair, Hindes Wavers, too, must do their share."

HINDES HAIR WAVERS

for Shingled *and* Bobbed Hair

Pattern No. 6 for quick waving with heat
Price 1/6 the card of three.

METHOD OF USING.

Open out the waver as shown, place the lock of hair to be waved between the bars, close the bars on top of one another and roll the waver between the fingers till the hair is coiled on them, then swing the looped bar round and fasten; heat the poker and pass it while warm down the tube.

Stores, Drapers and Hairdressers everywhere.

HINDES LTD., 1 TABERNACLE ST., FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.2.

The BYSTANDER NEW OFFICES

All communications should in future be addressed to our new offices:
116-117, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.
Telephone number: CITY 9472
Tels.: "Bygraphica, Fleet, London."

Cuticura Promotes Permanent Hair Health

Shampoos with Cuticura Soap, with light applications of Cuticura Ointment when necessary, tend to free the scalp of dandruff and minor eruptions, and to establish a permanent condition of hair health.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 21, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

DICKINS & JONES WINTER SALE

Commences Monday Next, January 4th

IN the Fashion Sections of Dickins and Jones there are quite extraordinary opportunities at the Winter Clearance Sale which opens on Monday next, January 4th. Furs, Gowns, Suits and Hats have all been drastically marked down to ensure clearance and numerous half-price offers are available. An early visit will be well repaid.

MODEL SUITS to be Cleared in Three Groups

A prominent feature of the Sale will be the clearance of Model Suits. The reductions are most drastic, many garments being offered at half price. For convenience of selection there are three groups which are described below. (Salon First Floor.)

GROUP I

This comprises Forty SUITS, including covert Fancy Repp, striped and plain Suitings, and Homespun and Tweeds, all marked down below cost price. Coats lined Silk. Wrap-over Skirts, these are mostly plain-tailored shapes and are marvellous value, many being half the usual price. All Sale Price

5½ GNS

~~Usually 10½ gns to 12 gns~~

GROUP II

This group includes a number of Two-piece SUITS with Silk Dresses, and material Coats lined to match, all in good colours. Also a few Suitings and Repps.

All to be cleared at Seven Guineas each.

Also a few remaining Fur-Trimmed MODELS.

7 GNS

~~Usually 12 gns to 14 gns~~

GROUP III

A remarkable group of model Two-piece SUITS (Coat and Frock) trimmed real Furs in fine French Suitings, etc., to be sold at half the original prices. This group includes 6 Homespun Suits with full-length Coats, trimmed finest dark Victorian Opossum, at half price.

~~Usually 26 gns~~	~~Usually 24 gns~~	~~Usually 27 gns~~	~~Usually 33 gns~~
Sale Price	Sale Price	Sale Price	Sale Price
10 GNS	**12 GNS**	**13½ GNS**	**16½ GNS**

SKIRT STOCK

Note should be made that a number of our regular stock of pleated SPORTS and HOUSE SKIRTS are to be cleared at

~~Usually 42/-~~	~~Usually 49/6~~	~~Usually 63/-~~
21/-	**29/6**	**39/6**

Most discriminating shoppers make a point of visiting the Winter Sales and it is always a good idea to start at Dickins & Jones. The bargains are most numerous and inspection and comparison will cost you nothing.

SALE CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

DICKINS & JONES Ltd., REGENT STREET, W.1.

GORRINGES *Winter Sale*

BEGINS MONDAY, JANUARY 4th

and continues throughout the Month

Post orders should be accompanied by remittance or leading business house reference. Postal Orders and Treasury Notes should be registered. Carriage Paid in the U.K.

Special Sale Value!

J.S.21. Unusual Value in **Zephyr Tunic Shirts** made of the celebrated Horrockses Cloths. Each Shirt bears a guarantee label, and will be replaced if the colour fades. Well cut and tailored. Double cuffs. In neat and broken stripes of Blue, Helio or Black on a white ground. Including one soft collar to match.

Sale Price **8/6**

Sale of Dressing Gowns

J.S. 18. We are clearing in our Sale a stock of men's Woollen **Dressing Gowns,** in natural camel shade. Strongly bound facings. Three sizes: 38, 40 and 42 ins.

Sale Price **39/6**
Usual Price 45/-

J.S. 17. Men's Silk Foulard **Dressing Gowns,** in madder colourings. Light in weight and useful for travelling. Colours: Light Blue, Dark Blue, Red or Grey, in nine patterns

Sale Price **57/6**

Reductions in Men's Pullovers

J.S. 12. Exceptional Value! Men's Fancy Knitted **Pullovers** in Woollen Mixture, very smart and attractive. In a large range of colours, in Fawn, Beige, Grey/Blue, Beige/Orange, Fawn/Red, Grey/Rust.

Sale Price **12/9**

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1

Playing Bridge To-night?

ONE great point about the "Standard" as an aid to sociability is that it takes all the sting out of travelling without putting it into the expenses account. The journey is part of the evening's best enjoyment. You can sink back into deep cushion and glide there and home again.

Vastly improved appointments and finish

Four doors. Antique leather upholstery Roof ventilator. Roof lamp. Pile carpets Companion sets, etc. 4-cyl. O.H.V. Engine. Four Wheel Brakes. Four speeds. Shock absorbers, front and rear. Spring gaiters, etc

¶ All Standard Open Cars are now finished in the Zofelac Cellulose Process Colours: Red, Blue & Fawn

The All British
Standard
14 h.p. "Pall Mall" Saloon £450
Dunlop Cord Tyres (Balloon or Standard)
Write for particulars.
The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49 Pall Mall, S.W. 1.
Agents everywhere.

"Count them on the Road"

THE BEST GARAGES ARE BROWNE & LILLY MADE

A cheap, badly-made garage costs you twice as much in the end. That is why it will pay you to have your Browne & Lilly built.

Everything that goes to the making of our garages is of the highest grade—all timber is sound and well-seasoned—construction throughout is absolutely faultless. The little extra we may charge means lasting satisfaction and a better-looking, better-built garage. The Motor House above is moderate in cost and easily and quickly erected. Artistic, commodious, with plenty of room for overhauling. Sizes to accommodate one or more cars.

This is a soundly-built Motor House with ample room for overhauling and motor requisites. Sizes to accommodate one or more cars. Inexpensive. Easily erected.

Write now for handsome 104-page illustrated catalogue in which will be found our full range of designs and prices.

This garage is made in a variety of designs and sizes at prices to meet all requirements. Handsome, durable, easily and quickly erected.

BROWNE & LILLY LTD
MANUFACTURERS AND EXPORTERS Thames Side READING

THE BRITISH **BERKEFELD**
Filter Cylinder
SARDINIA HOUSE KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2
FILTER

GRANT'S B.P.

The Whisky that justifies its name — **"BEST PROCURABLE"**

A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Blender's Art.

GLENFIDDICH
WGS
STAND FAST

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
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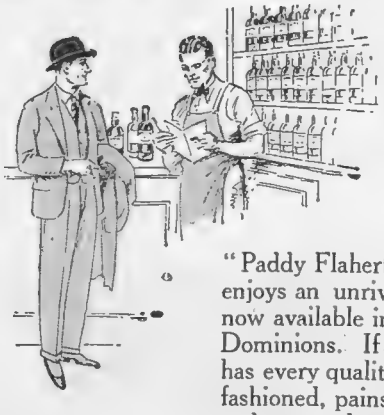

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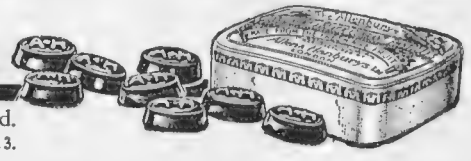

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Fashion's Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Children's Hour

A SWEET party frock for a child is one carried out in taffetas silk, the full scalloped hem skirt, opening in front over a slip of ivory net and lace. In petunia pink this suits a fair-haired child to perfection. With these picture frocks it is a capital suggestion to combine a petticoat of net and silk knickers trimmed net to match in colour—a theme that is worked out in the original model pictured.

Of honey-coloured *taffetas,* the dress is trimmed with ruchings of the same, which are repeated to form little *bouffant* sleeves. Worn with gold shoes and flesh-pink socks, a prettier *ensemble* it would be impossible to imagine. An all-in-one model in cigar-brown gabardine suitable for a girl in the "finishing" stage that can be slipped over the head when the three self-covered buttons are undone. The vest of *plissé beige* georgette being arranged to clip in at the left-hand side. An adjunct this that could be quickly removed for cleaning or be replaced by one of a less ephemeral character.

A Sale of Great Importance

EVERY half-year the woman who is proud of her house and its appurtenances makes a point of visiting the firm of Walpole in quest of fine linen and damask. Upholding a reputation of no less than 160 years, these people offer the best of goods obtainable at appreciably reduced prices.

It serves their purpose to clear out the surplus of their season's stock, and bargains are rampant. The feeling for coloured tablecloths is rapidly on the increase, not only on the score of economy but because they are so pleasing and artistic.

Other noteworthy bargains occurring in reliable quality bath towels, white hemmed ends, size 27×50 inches, at 2s. 6d. each, a small clearance of Christy's bath sheets, 48×78 dropping to 10s. each. Walpole have issued their customary sale catalogue, which can be had on application from any of the following three addresss:—89-90, New Bond Street, Sloane Street, and Kensington High Street.

A Convertible Dance Frock

Illustrated is an original model that could be worn at a dance or pose as a reception tea-gown, by attaching a long train from the back of *georgette.*

Over a straight slip, very slightly flared in front, of dull green *georgette* hemmed with dyed hare to match, there is dropped a coat effect of gold, silver and black brocade, the fronts of which are held together at a low line by a handsome ornament of jet and Rhinestones, the whole lined through with the green *georgette* to accord with the slip, and the long attached slit-up train at the back. And a finer example of what is meant by distinctive silhouette could not be found.

Short and Sharp

THE sale at Debenham and Freebody's starts on January 4th and closes down on the 16th. While all departments are affected, there are some noteworthy bargains in fur-trimmed coats. Although there are some 350 of these to be got rid of at half-price, they will not stand on the order of selling. A black plush model with handsome collar of flying fox is certain to be quickly snapped up at 10½ guineas. A gorgeous evening mantle of purple velvet heavily brocaded in gold and some sparkling metal that looks like diamond dust, that has a hem collar and cuffs of foxaline and a rich lining of purple *crêpe de Chine,* originally 34 guineas, is now obtainable at half that sum.

FOR THE YOUNG IDEA

The frock on the left is carried out in honey-coloured taffetas with ruchings of the same. The other, suitable for a girl of the "finishing stage," is in cigar-brown gabardine, with a vest of *plisse beige* georgette

Original design by Betty Nisbet

AN EFFECTIVE TEA-GOWN

This design is in gold, silver and black brocade over a foundation of dull green georgette, bordered with dyed hare to match. The ornament at the waist is of jet and Rhinestones

Original design by "Beta"

Exceptional value and service being represented in a fine black velours, the fronts faced back to the hem, with black coney fastening at a low line, with a handsome *motif* of coral and gold embroidery finished by a black silk tassel. There is also a charming wrap lined throughout with apricot-coloured kasha.

A Great Hat Opportunity

AT the very liberal reduction of 4s. in the pound, Scotts, Ltd., 1, New Bond Street, are clearing out all that remains of their season's stock of trimmed and plain felt hats, so that room may be made for the fresh spring supply.

This is a rare chance for those women who appreciate the best quality fur felt and exclusive shapes to buy this type of headgear. The *habituée* of the country in particular, who year in and year out prefers the sound felt hat that can stand all weathers to any other. And it is such quality that only this old-established firm supplies.

A Sale of Sales

PROMINENT among those who have found it necessary to commence their winter clearance directly after Christmas, to be exact in this case, December 30th, is the house of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is wholly superfluous at this date to extol the bargains always to be secured at this

establishment. And since every department enters into the sale spirit, it is impossible to do more than just skim the surface, though the following few examples give the keynote as to the character of the reductions.

Primarily, attention may be drawn to the coat and skirt section. Here there are smart little suits for young girls in velours, gabardine and repp, the coat arranged with narrow belt and a scarf-collar. Originally costing 8½ and 9½ guineas, these have all been reduced to the one price of 78s. 6d. Another offering of supreme value at 89s. 6d., comprising a pleated skirt and hip-length straight back coat, effected in novelty suiting in many designs and colourings.

A Courtesy Calendar

As a recipient of a particularly charmingly got-up purse calendar from Emile, for which I hereby publicly proclaim my heartiest thanks, I am in a position of being able to report that all who send or call at 24-25, Conduit Street, W., can be similarly favoured.

A BEAUTIFUL SHOWROOM

A photograph taken of the interior of Messrs. Charles Packer & Co.'s new premises at 76-78 Regent Street, W.1

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Getting a "Rise"

It is a pathetic sight to see a cake that has somehow gone wrong! It looks so disheartened, so tired of life before its career has begun! Not only does the cake look depressed, but also the cook and those who had expected to eat it! The trouble is to be found generally in a mistake in one of the ingredients; the flour, eggs, etc., all may be what they should. But what of the baking powder, which is such an important factor in "raising" the cake to a higher level of life? There can never be any doubt that cakes and pastry will be a success if the cook makes it her practice to use Borwick's Baking Powder always. For this is well known as being an important factor to peace and happiness in the home!

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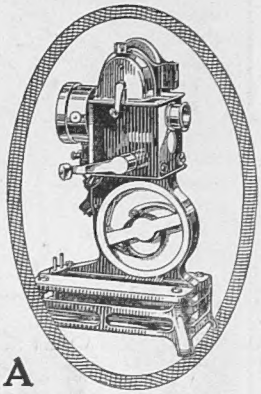

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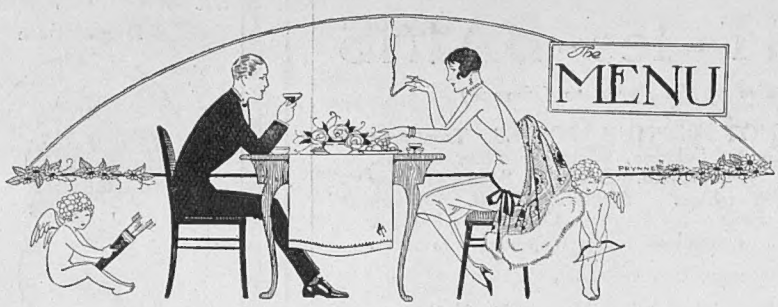

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MOULD OF HARE (COLD).
SALADE ITALIENNE.
COMPOTE OF CHESTNUTS.
GRAPE-FRUIT BASKETS

Devilled Lobster

TAKE the meat from a lobster and sprinkle with a little Nepaul pepper, chop it finely, then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and a tomato cut up small. These must be stewed over the fire, stirring till they boil; add a little mixed French mustard also, if available. Have ready some small squares of fried bread, put some of the devilled lobster on each, and sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley over.

A Raised Game Pie

Bone two young partridges or pheasants and cut up into fairly small pieces. Cut into thin slices ½ lb. each of veal and calf's liver. Prepare a hot-water crust and roll it out on a floured board, line with it a raised pie-mould, previously greased, then spread the sides and bottom with a thin layer of sausage-meat. Next put in the bottom of the mould a layer of thin bacon and fill up the mould with alternate layers of game, veal, liver and bacon. Season each layer with salt, pepper, some spice and finely chopped parsley, also slices of hard-boiled egg. Pour in gradually some good stock which has been made from the carcase and bones. Cover the pie with crust and ornament the top, brush over with beaten egg, make a hole in the top and bake for an hour and a half. When the pie is baked pour through a funnel half a pint more stock. This pie is always appreciated and offers a *pièce de résistance* on the side-board of a country house.

Mould of Hare (Cold)

Take the remains of a cooked hare which has been jugged or roasted. Cut the meat into small slices, and the forcemeat balls in halves. Warm the gravy, adding to it a little wine and half a small pot of red-currant jelly, and dissolve it in ½ oz. of leaf-gelatine. Make in all about a pint. Add the meat, put aside till cold and set and serve with *Salade à l'Italienne*.

Salade Italienne

Cut into small discs about four cooked artichokes and put them into a salad-bowl with equal quantities of cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, and cooked haricot beans; mix with these a few anchovies or olives, and season with sauce tartare.

Compote of Chestnuts

Remove the outer skins of some chestnuts, and place them in a pan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then remove the second skin, being careful not to break the nuts. Make a syrup with a breakfast-cupful of water, ¼ lb. of sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup. Place the chest-nuts in a dish, pour the syrup over, and serve cold.

Grape-fruit Baskets

Cut the rind of the grape-fruit, so as to leave the lower half untouched; leave a band of peel half an inch wide on the upper half to form a handle; remove the rest of peel and pulp. When the baskets are free from pulp refill with the pulp. Serve with sugar on top and preserved cherries.

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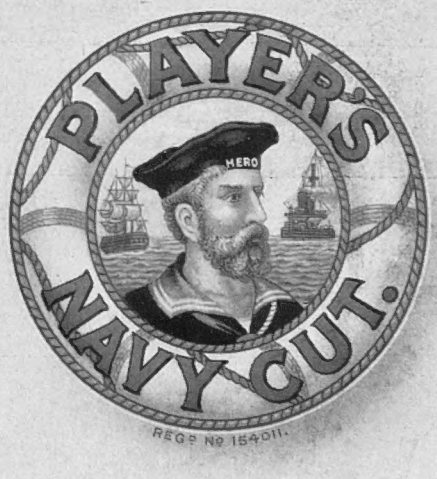

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